BLUE AND GRAY

1915

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

To
the Students of
The Mountain View High School
we respectfully dedicate
this edition of the
Blue and Gray

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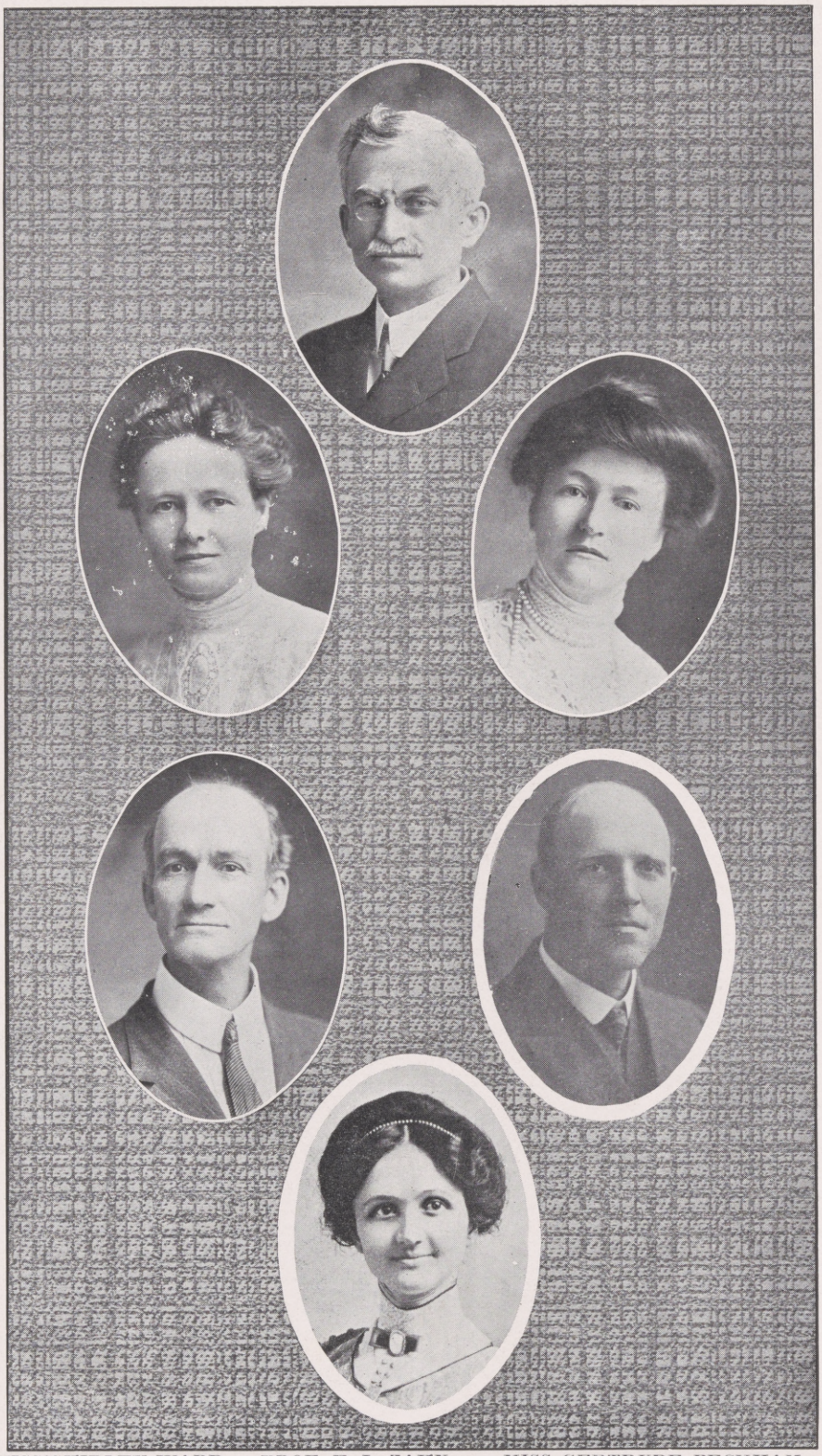
Mountain View High School

June, 1915

THE FACULTY



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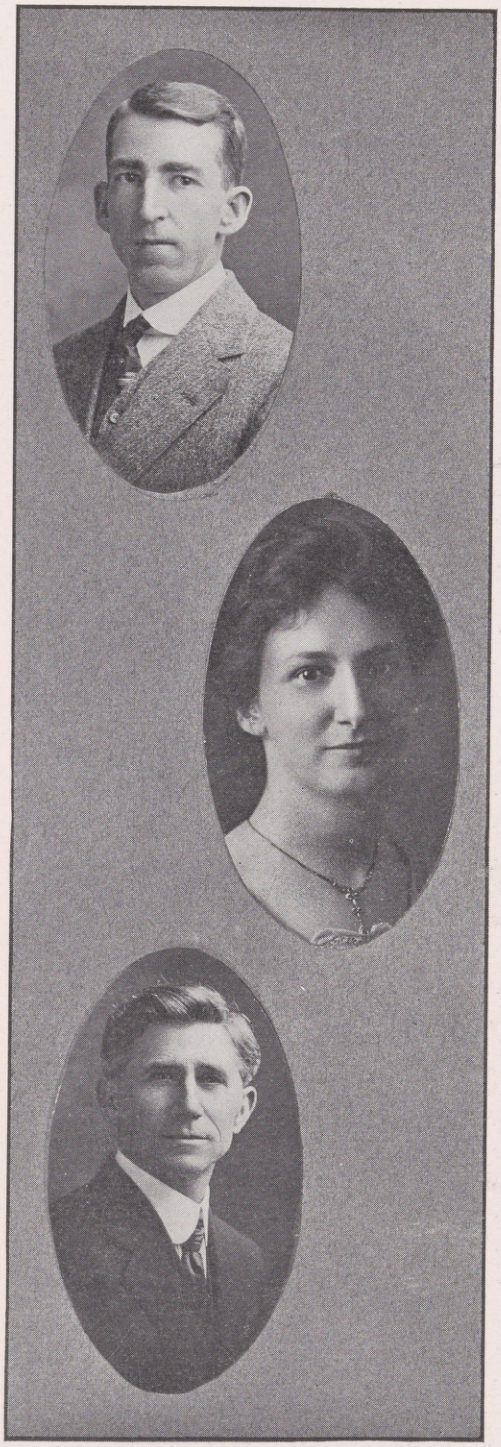
MR. D. W. LINDSAY MISS FRANCES WOLFENBARGER MR. C. T. G. SMITH

THE FACULTY



MR. C. M. ROGERS
Manual Training

MISS LOIS X. PEERS
Domestic Science

MR. F. F. JEFFERS
Music

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Class Poem

The Reflection

BY THOS. KLECKNER

The monarch of Day is conquering the night,
The downy mists, silver at first,
Turn myriad hued, dawn is dispersed,
And warbling songsters herald the light.
An arc of fire above the distant hill!
It flames! Earth's creatures thrill;
Poppies, spurred by the sight
And refusing to be outdone,
Open golden chalices towards the sun;
Tiny dewdrops, jewels of the night,
Are made diamonds, then opals by the monarch's ray.
A moment! 'Tis day.
Fluffy breasted linnets scold and sing,
Scarlet tipped black-birds chatter on the wing;
The hawk, a mere speck in the faultless sky,
Pauses long over where the daisies lie;
The almond trees shower their fragrant blooms
Covering grassy carpets with a snow-like fleece.
Men find His words are true,
Who sayth, "I give unto you
Love, peace, yea—Heavenly peace."

Thou wretched, soulless being,
Thine eyes were made for seeing
The glories of the earth. Why gaze into yon pool?
Why turn thine eyes away
From the beauties of the day
To look enraptured into the filthy mire? Thou fool!

Sluggish, slimy creatures crawl,
Decayed the moss, and all
The life that lies within is lowly, rank, and foul;
Thou seemest to invite
Other men to view the sight
My soul recoils; gladness turns to scorn, smile to scowl.

Intelligent and bright,
Thine eye is all alight—
Enraptured and inspired. Yet by the water's side
In sick'ning greenish scum.
What seest thou? Come!
Reveal to me the wonders that inspire, confide.

Why look thou into the mire?
He paused, then answered, "Sire,
Unkind your words. Until you spoke and called me 'fool'
An azure, crystal sky
Did fascinate mine eye;
I saw celestial things reflected in the pool.

The moss is in decay,
The water stagnant, yea—
'Tis foul: yet in it rose a stately sky-piercing pine,
And near its needled crest
An oriole entwined a nest—
Let song bespeak his thoughts, endeared his heart to mine.

Thou did'st censure me;
Yet thou failed to see
The silver gleam of the sun which shone on the fishes' fin.
Why am I a fool
To gaze into the pool,
When thou saw nought but filthy things when thou looked in?"

'Tis God that man reflects;
His body that bedecks
The image, soul, is but a spot—a blotch of sod.
Look long into the souls of mankind,
Seek good and thou shalt find
Love, Hope, Faith—divine reflections of God.

Intelligent and bright,
Thine eye is all alight—
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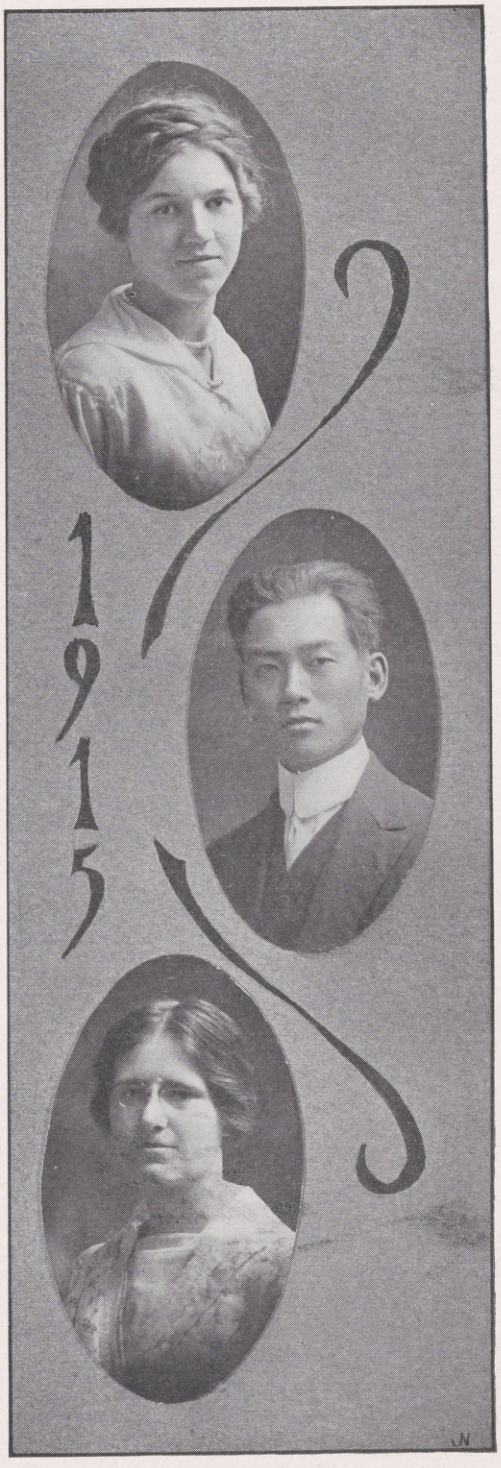
GRADUATES

1915

HARRIET L. MINTON

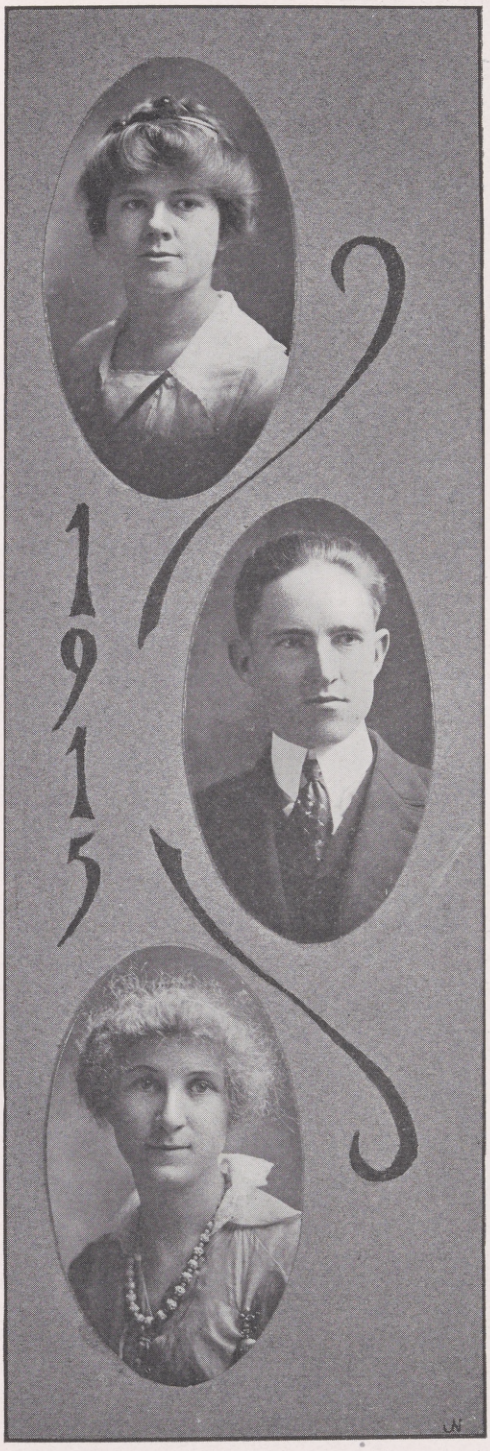
ALVA COOPER



LUCILE ST. JOHN

BYRON KOO

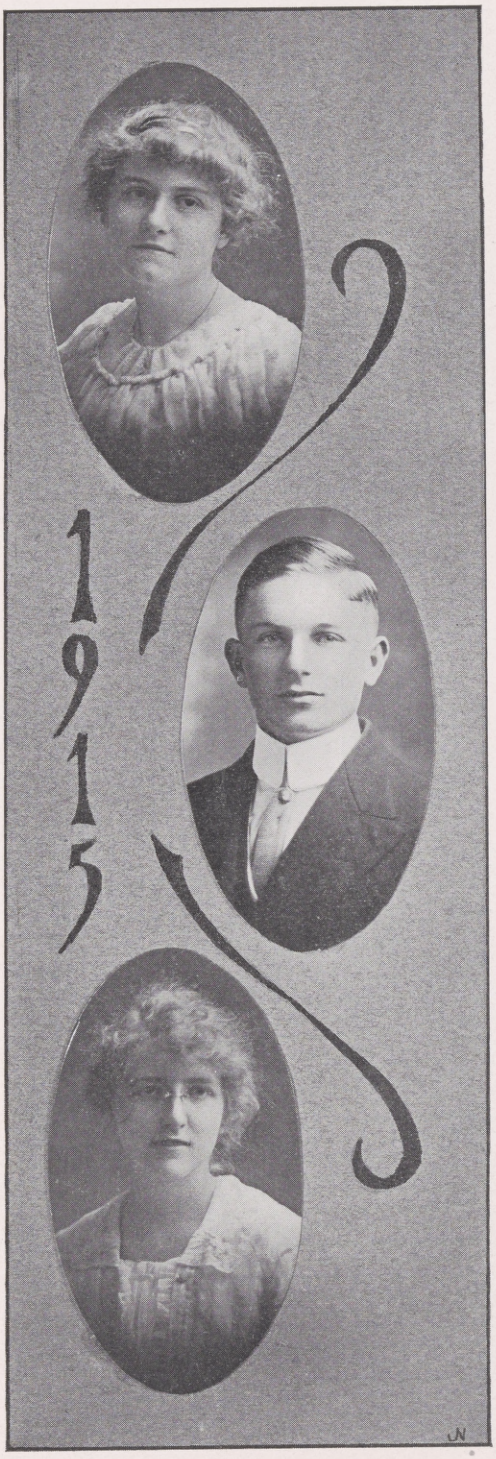
ESTHER A. SMITH



CHARLOTTE RANNEY

VICTOR DAVIS

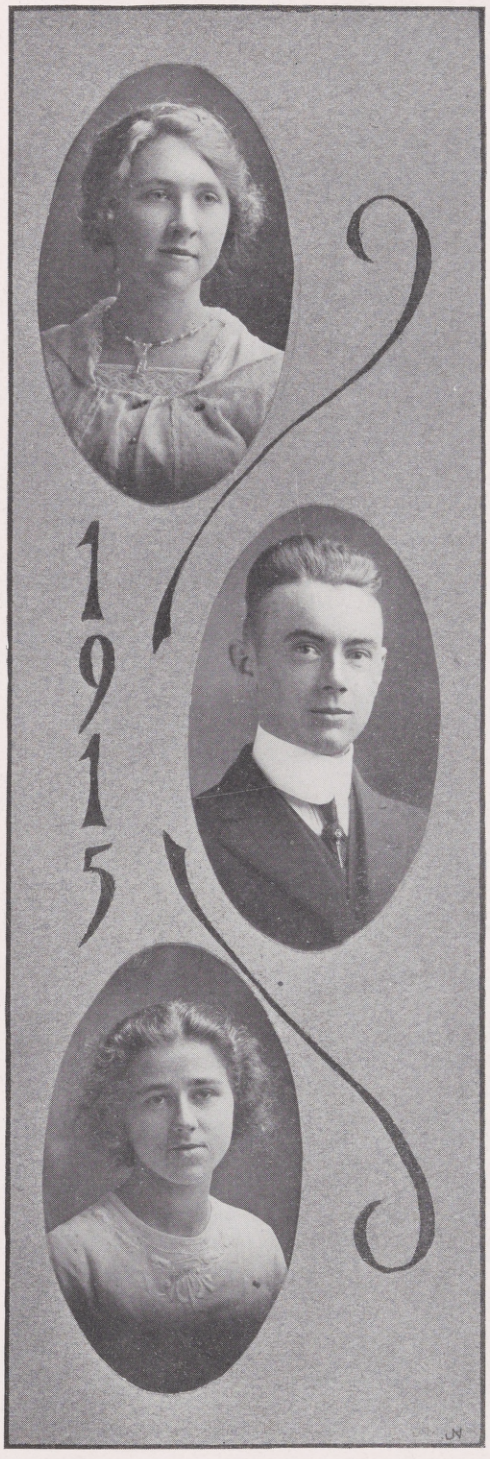
HELEN HORTON



LILA OHMERT

ANGELO F. SEMINO

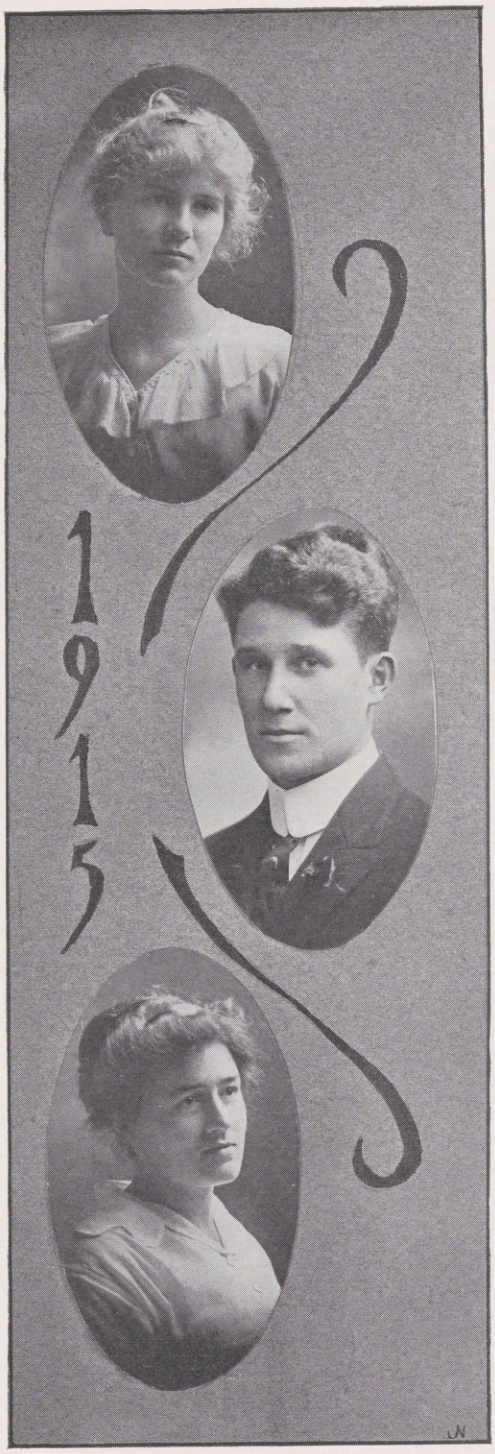
BEULAH JOB



MARGARET DECHMAN

DONALD J. MORK

ESTHER FRAZER



MARIE GARLIEPP

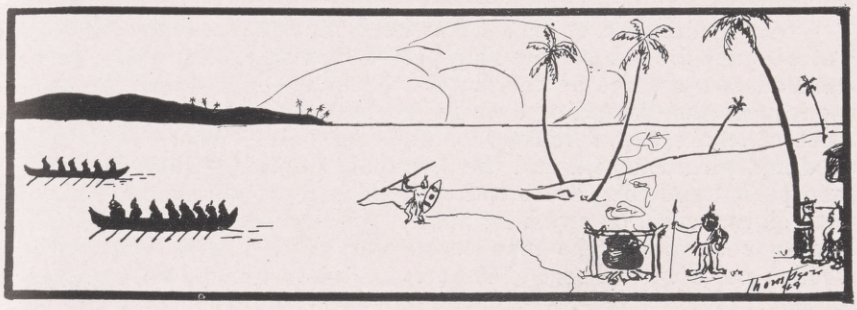
THOS. KLECKNER

MARGARET WRIGHT

Literature

A South Sea Episode

BY JACK G. NORTH, JR., '16



"TALKIN' about the origin of superstition reminds me o' the time I cruised on the Dark Sea," muttered old Bill Russell, as he sat cross-legged, smoking a pipe among half a dozen old salts, who were busy spinning yarns in the 'Sailors' Retreat'.

"Nine-tenths of all seamen are superstitious," he began. "I was the other tenth, but 'shiver me timbers' if I am not one of the nine now. Yes, and all because I shipped on the 'Dark Sea.'

"It was in the early part of nineteen hundred and thirteen, February thirteen, to be exact. I was 'adrift on the beach,' broke.

"So giving my mains'l (trousers) a hoist and taking a reef up in her, I picked up my sea bag from the sawdust covered floor of Maloney's Saloon, and hoisted anchor, beating the wharves of San Francisco for a job.

"Finally, after a long 'cruise' I landed a job on the barkentine 'Dark Sea', bound for the Sandwich Islands with a cargo of beef."

"Don't the natives over there kill their own meat? What should they want with beef?" interrupted a dapper 'dropper in'.

With the trace of a grin, Bill answered: "Well, I suppose they figured on spreading it between their islands."

"I was stowed away in her fo'c's'l with the rest o' the crew and awaited the bosun's pipe for all hands on deck.

"We sailed at three in the afternoon, Friday, the thirteenth, but mind you I had never given credit to superstition. Evidently the captain was ignorant of the date of sailing, tho' a practical impossibility, or if he knew, he kept his calendared secret exceedingly close or nearly every last seaman would have refused to sail.

"Three days of mild sailing, and the fourth—that was a 'whopper.' A forty-mile gale hit us. The watch below was piped on deck, everything was shortened and then we close hauled on the starboard

tack. The old man and the mate alone remained on deck; the rest of us went below.

"The 'Dark Sea' was a strong craft, you understand, but twelve days of heavy seas, sprung her timbers so that when on the thirteenth day, tossing rudderless, she struck a reef and broke in two amidships. B'lieve me, I've never seen a nor'wester last that long. Twelve of the crew and the first mate saved themselves, me included. We all piled into the life boat like sardines and pulled for the island that this reef luckily enclosed. For thirteen hours we fought those waves while covering the two miles from reef to island.

"On landing we at once set to work building a camp close to the water's edge, in case a stray ship passed that way. Suddenly we were terrified to see three of our mates who had wondered off to explore the island, come bounding over the rocks, pursued—yes, pursued by a score of man eatin', ferocious lookin' cannibals! We let out a blood-curdling, piratical yell, and the cannibals stopped. Their amazement soon passed and they continued their pursuit. Then arming ourselves with clubs, rocks, or anything handy, we advanced to defend our oncoming comrades. The man-eaters were armed with long, pointed wooden poles with a sort of American Indian tomahawk attached to the end.

"Zip, bang, zip, crash, thud; and the battle was on. At last we were overpowered and taken to their camp to be used for 'white man a-la-bake-em', or something else mighty savory.

"Our conquerors marched us before the 'high-mucky-muck' of the tribe and after jabbering for half an hour, the 'big bug' motioned us away. We were now led up to a huge fire, forced to lie down and then bound hand and foot.

"Immense stones were laid over the fire to heat—we were to give our black friends a *light* repast of 'baked man'.

"The large stones on which we were to 'rest in peace' were soon hot—sizzling when spat upon—and we prepared to feed our cannibalistic hosts. We were then hauled to our feet and the bonds removed. I withdrew my handkerchief to wipe away some gathering—sweat, when suddenly the whole crew of cannibals let out a ghastly moan and fell on their stomachs around me. As soon as I could gather my scattered wits, to comprehend that it was my pink and green 'bugle cloth,' the one daughter Emma gave me for Christmas, that had this effect on them, I yelled to my equally surprised shipmates excitedly, 'Dash me scuppers, boys, our hash isn't cooked yet.'

"Calling all my ingenuity to hand, I hoisted the green and pink emblem of idolatry on the roof of a nearby cannibal's thatch home. I stood before my salaming, charmed cannibals like Napoleon viewing the fight at, at a—a—well, when he stood on some mound or other.

"My shipmates looked on with awe and puzzled eyes at my suddenly acquired monarchial throne.

"A few moments later I bade my 'servants' arise. At the raising of my hand one fellow came toward me. He lifted his arm and motioned to a 'house' which was the one adorned by my colored handkerchief. He then pointed to a group of black ugly women who sat at the base of the 'house'. Pointing to himself and then to me, he concluded by salaming. 'Well, what if it is your house?' I said. This I remarked in English, but immediately remembered that our hosts were

not of the English speaking race. Just then one of our crew interrupted and said, 'Say, Bill, that nigger wants you to take his wives; I don't think they're his daughters. He is making this heartfelt sacrifice because you put your godlike emblem on his roof'. I was about to object sternly when he again continued, 'Take them, old shipmate, unless you and the rest of us want to be cooked'.

"I suddenly realized the force of his words and motioned to my awaiting presenter. I gently tapped him on the head, as much as to say, 'I'll accept your matrimonial and homely offer.' *Thirteen* women! He then called his soon to be mine family to him, and spoke some sort of lingo to them,—then—the whole crew of them made one grand rush for me,—their new found hubby. Soon they had me down and here one grabbed a hand full of my yellow hair and another somehow succeeded in taking off my boots. Two more were busily engaged in rubbing their noses on my cheeks while I felt another tickling my ear with a straw. Still another was rubbing my stomach as if I had the jim jams. Anyway, the whole kaboodle were busy demonstrating their affection. My expostulations, or whatever you call 'em, were to them, like Chinese was to us, and kicking was harmless, so I had to stand, or lay, there for it.

"After each one had secured a coveted booty, (my pants, singlet and nerve were all but gone) they took me, not by the hand, but bodily, into that house over which my flag of royalty waved. Their monstrous hands were strong and greasy. Ugh! it felt like struggling in a ship's hold of freshly caught fish.

"In the meantime my other comrades were given a bounty of two wives per man and taken to their respective homes.

"Oh, I thot, if only some ship should pass and search this island, saving us from this misery. Escape! But that was impossible. Our boat had been washed back into the sea, and there was no chance of our being picked up anyway, once in the open waters. I banished all hope from mind and waited for the coming of Mistress Opportunity.

"Once inside the thatched 'mansion' they proceeded at once to make me, to all appearances, a cannibal of their own color and dress. I was shed of my civilized garb and given the clothes and ornaments of the male members of their tribe, consisting of a leafy girdle, several wooden arm bracelets, a wooden nosering that I fixed so it would spring on my nose, and many strings of beads. I was forced, yes forced, to don these, even tho I objected forcibly, but what chance do you suppose I had with thirteen female 'giantess' against me?

"After I was dressed in my stunning costume, they proceeded to 'tan my hide', no, not with a strap, but with some dark berry juice.

"After this process, I was taken in the open, where the torrid sun was allowed to dance on me and dry out newly acquired skin. The heat of Old Sol soon burnt round blisters on my bared back. I grinned and bore this next misery as best I could and every time one of my similar bedecked but unblistered shipmates would clout me on one of those beauty spots, and remark, 'How is the wife and family', I'd tell him that I thot of him in plain English.

"Three days later those blisters broke, or better yet, exploded. And, oh my, talk about smarting; why, I think I'd prefer being hung to the yard arm, than go thru that again.

"About a week later, April first, as I figured it out, my blistered

back had healed fully; so that I was able to get up and around from my animal hide bed to which I confined myself. Every man I passed would look at my back and then grin. Soon I began to wonder what the trouble was. I didn't know of any disfigurement, or any laughable picture tatooed on my back, or if some April fool culprit had just pasted 'Kick me' there, of what the matter was. Finally one of my own countrymen volunteered the information, that where each blister had healed, it had left a white spot, as contrast with my artificial colored skin. 'And,' continued he, 'you look like a split between a two-legged, spotted leopard and a nigger.' Now wouldn't that keel haul you? I looking like a nigger and a spotted leopard when I'm a healthy son of Ireland! I simply told my informer where he ought to go for a warmer temperature."

" 'Shipmates,' Bill broke off, addressing the 'salts', when their laughter had spent itself, "you remember old Paddy Murphy, the Frenchman?' They all nodded positively, grinning at conflicting name and nationality; Bill's humor. Well, he got in thick with the wimmen folks there. He saved his 'windjammer' from the wreck and —"

"Windjammer?" the dapper landlubber interrupted again. "What's a windjammer?"

"Say, matey, where's your nurse? You'd make a fine sailor, you would. So you want to know what a windjammer is? Well I s'pose I ought to enlarge your vocabu-thing-a-ma-jig. A windjammer, my lad, is what landlubbers and dry land sailors call an accordeon."

"Oh," said the 'land fish', with relief.

"Well," Bill resumed, "to continue as before mentioned, Paddy got in thick with the wimmen folks. I remember him squeezing his windjammer one day, in the solitary woods, soothing his troubled spirits, when his 'wife' 'reefed' him.

"With gleeful, guttural, gurglings, she heaved him on her shoulder and headed for camp. He was like a cat-boat 'buckin sail' in mid-ocean, up there on her back. When Paddy's wife told the joyful news to her black 'Brothers' and 'Sisters', that her 'old man' had a queer looking harmonious wind bag, and after forcing Paddy to 'heave to' and begin—Paddy, soulfully squeezing out 'Home, Sweet Home'—six more greasy females annexed themselves to Paddy Murphy's matrimonial larder. And all Paddy could choke up was 'Wurra wurra, wurra.'

"Time progressed slowly in our little continent, and it evidently seemed that the cannibal's idolatry for that handkerchief was wearing, as was the kerchief itself. We would soon have to make our get-away, be rescued, or would have to give the cannibals their postponed feed. My companions and myself were at wits end as to a method of escape, at least from our betterhalves. We were so forlorn, that several times we suggested giving the sharks in the sea a juicy banquet. However, we never had the nerve to carry this out.

"One night, as I lay sleeping in the midst of my family, I dreamt of snakes. An immense Anaconda attacked me and was winding its death coils around my body, relieving me of my breath. I suddenly awoke with a yell, to feel about my waist, three of my 'wives', hugging me, and one more near choking me. The rest were sitting on me from head to foot. I gave one grand maniacal yell, jumped up, over

went my family, and I headed for the blue waters, determined to end it all.

"What was my surprise, when I arrived there, to find my twelve mates, ready to launch a raft, they had been secretly making, how I know not, these thirteen weary weeks. And here those bloomin', bleedin' shipmates were prepared to quit their misery and leave me to mine. Why? 'Tis another thing I know not. I threatened to call out the 'town' if they refused me a passage on their raft. Of course they agreed, and as time was valuable, we piled in, shoved off, and set sail—for any place. We could hear the howl of our disappointed friends on shore when a mile or so out, but we resolved to feed the sharks before we woud go back there.

"We were picked—"

Bang! some one crashed into the saloon door swinging it violently. Into the room burst a hilarious sailor, sea-bag slung over his back. As he approached the group of sailors, Bill burst out with:

"Well, by the holy pinktoed prophet, if it ain't 'Mad Bob' himself. Put her here, matey," he exclaimed, as he rose, extending his gnarled fist. Mad Robert's eyes opened wide as he shoved his mitt into Bill's.

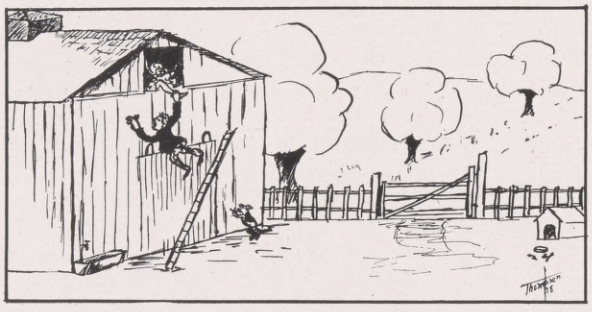
"This is luck, by Jehosaphat," he said. "Haven't seen Bill for thirteen years, sailed on a three years' cruise to the east coast of Africa with him!" he exclaimed to the remainder of the salts.

"When did you get in?" asked Bill.

"Leggo anchor about half an hour ago. Just came off the 'Lassie Jean,' thirteen months from Rio Janeiro. Hit a dead calm half way thru the straits. Thirteen weeks we lay to until a wind struck up. Then for thirteen days we had a h— of a storm. Lost our mainm'st and mizzenms't and drowned thirteen o' the crew. Well, I'm home now, so let the Old Pacific roar."

Bill Russell 'smiled out loud' as did the other salts as "thirteen" cropped out again.

"Well, mates," Bill said, "let's have a 'tarpaulin muster'; and drink to the health of 'Thirteen', shipmates with me on the 'Dark Sea' and shipmates with 'Mad Bob' on the 'Lassie Jean.'"



For th' Sap Was Running

BY THOS. KLECKNER, '15

'TWAS Spring. Or, at least, it *should* have been, for the mild, blue-eyed, systematic cashier in the First National had, that very morning, discarded his flannels. And if it *wasn't* Spring, but was the last week in Winter, the season is probably the only thing that has escaped being influenced by the machine-like Bing Tinker. Bing never understood exactly why people addressed him as "Bing". But he accepted it in the same friendly, unassuming manner that he accepted everything. In fact, Bing was inclined to be offended when addressed otherwise, for his real name was Horatio Cornelius Tinker.

To him Spring meant just three things; a change from heavy to lightweight underwear—he hated it for he always took cold; Spring house cleaning—he despised house cleaning—; and Spring Vacation —he dreaded vacation. So in the First National, near the cashier's window there was little hilarity on the fifteenth day of April, for Bing had discarded his flannels, and *that* meant Spring.

Bing looked at the calendar. Then he looked at the clock. He always looked at the clock after he noted the date for, as we have said, Bing was systematic. Three! It was closing hour. He took out his watch. He *always* took out his watch after consulting the clock. Yes—he was sure, now, that he must go to the barber, for it was three o'clock in the afternoon of the first Tuesday in the month.

Yes—Bing Tinker was systematic. For nine years he had patronized the same barber, at this very hour once in every two weeks. For nine years on each of these occasions he had placidly listened to the barber voice his opinions on politics, baseball, prize fights and pretty girls. Each time he had quietly, yet forcefully, shaken his head at the barber's monotonous list of queries—"Electric masssage? Singe it a bit? Don't y' want a shampoo? Try this dandruff cure?" And on each occasion he had answered "wet" to the barber's query, "Wet or dry?" And every time that his fine blonde hair was being plastered into submission he made it a point to refrain from looking into the mirror. He loathed vanity.

But on this particular afternoon the barber had seemingly forgotten his usual routine. It bothered Bing. He had not even spoke

of baseball. Bing had never before realized how entertaining this line of talk had been until today. He was sorely tempted to open the conversation himself—something he had never done in all the nine years in which he had been cashier in the First National.

"Did y' ever get Spring fever?" asked Casey, the barber, at length.

Bing hadn't—but he'd had Scarlet fever and the mumps.

"I've had it every year 'till I came to the city," remarked Casey. "I get it worst when I bite into the red pepper what's always in th' candy on April Fool's Day."

"Something like the Blues, then?" ventured Bing.

"Yis and no. When you've got the blues you're mad with some one. Whin it's Spring fever that's ailin' yez, yer'er of a feelin' like ye'd like to love every darlint that ever wore petticoats. But in both th' disases yer'er as lazy as a greaser."

'I dare say it is a peculiar ailment?"

"Sure, and it is that. Have ye iver encountered wid a Spring Poet, Mister Tinker?"

"Not that I know of."

"Ye'd of knowed it if ye'd seen wan," said Casey. "I'll not try to describe wan—it's beyond the powers of language. But wance in a great while wan of 'em sezs somethin' sensible. The wan I had riference to discribes Spring fever to perfiction. He sezs that "in the Spring time a young man's fancy turns to thots of Love." Aint that sensible, Mister Tinker?"

"Quite so." Bing considered it a breach of etiquette to disagree on so slight a subject.

"Any wan but a Spring Poet," resumed Casey, "would of said it more to th' pint—'In Spring a young man's head is dotty.' That is if it ain't already so dotty it can't grow worse. I'm afraid I'll get it, Mr. Tinker?"

"Get what?" asked Bing with no little concern.

"The Faver," said Casey. "Oi'll get it if Oi hear some one beatin' a rug."

Bing decided that he'd stay at a hotel for a week instead of returning to his rooming house. He'd done it every spring for the last nine years—He despised spring house cleaning. He remembered that his landlady had begun it that morning.

"Yessir—the beatin' of a rug will start the Faver. Shampoo, Mister Tinker?"

Bing shook his head.

"Try this dandruff cure?"

Bing shook his head.

"Ye'd better, Mister Tinker, yer bald spots a growin' in towards yer noble brow."

"W—w—what!" exclaimed Bing. Even the assassination of President McKinley had not brought forth such an utterance. Casey, who had taken the shampoo bottle in his hands as he pressed his query, almost dropped it on the floor. Such an emotional exclamation from Bing was more of a surprise to Casey than to hear of Boston winning the World's Series.

"Oi sezs," repeated Casey, "that your crownin' beauty is a fallin' faster than th' rain in winter."

"Y—You really mean to say—that I am getting bald?"

"Right ye are, Mister Tinker. Yer hair is fallin' faster than the Belguim forts in Europe!"

"Y—You may give me the shampoo—if you think it will prevent further development of the trouble."

"Y—Yes Sir." And for the first time since he had been hit by a street car, Casey, for a moment, lost his wits.

Bing Tinker had ventured a hasty, half guilty glance into the mirror! ! !

"Ye'll be of hangin' out at a fashionable hotel will yez, Mister Tinker?"

"Why—I'd hardly decided. No—I think not. *Anywhere* where the proprietors chose to let the rooms go *dirty.*"

"Then ye'll be tickled to death with our extra room, Mister Tinker. And 'tis right handy to yer bank too."

"Your wife has not begun her house cleaning?"

"Sure, and I'm thinkin' ye don't know me old woman. She'll wait till me day of rest before she begins, so that her Casey kin beat the rugs. Ye'll be safe until Sunday, Mister Tinker."

"Thank you. I'll take the room tonight."

Bing slid from the chair. He looked at the clock. And for the first time in nine years he left, *without having consulted his watch.*

"To some men," said Casey to the bootblack, "Precident is worse than sooicide. That man will be loik a prizefighter. A fighter kapes in thrainin' jist so long, an' thin he goes on a toot that'll make up for the toime he's lost twice over. 'Tis the tootin' that Mister Tinker will do, now that he's broken the precedent, that'll bring him harm. Ye watch the man an' see."

Bing rode two blocks past his rooming house—the farthest West he had been since he had slept in Golden Gate Park during the fire in '06. The awful burden of truth rested as a monstrous weight upon his soul. *He,* Horatio Cornelius Tinker, was getting *bald!*

* * * *

"Aren't you ever going to take time for luncheon, Mr. Tinker?" It was the cheery voice of the First National's stenographer.

"Eh, what? Oh, yes—that is, if it is time."

H. Cornelius Tinker hastily left the bank leaving the two tellers, Miss Rose and Bank President Arthur staring after him in open-mouthed amazement. For the first time in nine years he had *left his gloves and his stick behind.*

In the Peacock Cafe, Henri, the establishment's oldest employee, swore he'd never touch another drop. H. Cornelius Tinker *had not started his daily meal with consomme.*

"No soup today, Sir?"

"No, Henri—not today or *any* day. Please remember that, Henri."

The oldest employee in the Peacock Cafe began chewing cloves. He didn't remember taking a drink but he was determined to be on the safe side.

Bing wondered if omitting his soup really would help toward restoring his hair. He didn't really see why it *should,* but "Mammies Aid to Beauty Seekers" said that it would—and Bing's faith in Mammie was boundless. Bing's whole being was a portrait of Worry. His

brain was in chaos—the first time in nine years. The *President,* Miss Rose, and some of the minor employees at the First National had been watching him. He knew it—he'd felt their eyes upon him. He wondered if any of them had seen IT, the bald spot, before he put his hat on. What if President Arthur *had seen IT.* What if *he*—of all men—knew that *he,* H. Cornelius Tinker was *bald.* The very thought made Bing shudder.

Henri took more cloves. Bing Tinker had left without touching his dessert. It was bad for the hair—at least Mammies had said it was.

Bing could feel Henri's eyes upon him. He put on his hat. He fervently hoped that Henri would not tell. Still more fervently he wished that Henri's piercing stare had not seen IT.

* * * * *

"Little Artie wants to see you." It was the office boy addressing him.

"W—What?" asked Bing, fearfully.

"Little Artie. He's waitin' in the office."

Heavens. *He,* President Arthur—of *all* men—had seen IT. What would he, Bing, do? What *did* old bald headed men do for a living when they were unfit to be cashiers in banks. *Some* old men sold shoe strings. Yes—that was it—*he* could at least *survive.* He'd face "little Artie."

The President was waiting for him. Bing entered the office and backed away from the President toward a chair. If Little Artie *hadn't* seen IT Bing resolved that he should not see it now.

"Tinker, have you laid aside a monthly sum to use in case of sickness?"

There! It was coming. Little Artie wanted to know if he had saved for a rainy day. He was positive his rainy day had come. But oh, how suddenly! Not even preceded by clouds.

"Yes, Mr. Arthur. A little each month."

"You'd go, I suppose—to a hospital in case of illness?" '

"Hospital? Why Yes—"

"Hospitals are expensive."

"That is true, Mr. Arthur."

"Tinker, why don't you marry?"

"M—Marry? W—Why—I—I suppose because I'd never thought of it, Mr. Arthur."

Little Artie was a man of few words. "Think it over, Tinker."

Yes—yes, to be sure. He'd give it his immediate attention.

"That is all, Tinker."

Bing backed from the office. He could leap for joy—Little Artie had not mentioned IT.

Perhaps he hadn't even *seen* IT. All the President wanted was for him to think about marrying. *Certainly* he'd do it if it was President Arthur's wish. *Certainly* he'd think of marrying. He'd ask for the hand of Mrs. Swartz, his landlady. Certainly he'd marry Mrs. Swa—. No. No—he *wouldn't.* Mrs. Swartz always did Spring house cleaning in April. NO—a thousand times no—he'd not marry Mrs. Swartz. He'd be d—d if he would. And that, coming from the mouth of H. Cornelius Tinker, meant that he wouldn't.

It was nearing three. Bing started to look at the clock. His wandering eye rested for a moment on a tiny strand of unruly hair which

wavered above Miss Rose's forehead. She had piles of hair. In that fleeting moment he noticed that it contrasted most favorably with the pink of her dress. He wondered if *his* would look like that if he wore a pink tie. He'd try it.

It was three. Miss Rose began putting on her things. Bing reached for his watch. Miss Rose spoke. He forgot his watch.

"I'd *never* go home to my rooming house tonight if it wasn't because I hate to change beds. My landlady is cleaning house. I *despise* spring house cleaning.

That settled it. *Bing would marry Miss Rose.*

* * * *

In the home where, in theory, Casey's word was law, Bing Tinker and Bill Flyn, the cat, had become staunch friends. At exactly 7:15 Casey's spouse left the room wherein were sitting Casey, Bing Tinker and Bill Flyn. At exactly 7:15½ Bill Flyn crawled lazily up onto Bing's knee, purring his affection and arching his back under the friendly strokes of Bing. At exactly 7:16 Bill Flyn leapt madly thru the window into the yard, his wild eyes bulging, his tail feather-dustered so that its bone was showing thru the hair.

"Do yez mean it?" asked Casey excitedly.

Bing blushingly nodded.

Then *ye've got it,"* pronounced Casey. "I'll bet a dollar to yer face that ye've been eatin' candy with soap in th' cinter."

"I—I've got what?"

"Why, *the Faver.* So ye're thinkin' *of marryin',* Mister Tinker?"

"Er—Er—Yes. That is—Mr. Arthur advised such a course."

"And have yez popped the question to th' darlint?"

"I—I don't believe I quite understand."

"Have yez dhropped to yer knees and whrung yer hands and told her all thim lies such as sayin ye'll take pizen, ye'll die and the loikes o' that if she refuses to be yours? In other whords, have yez asked to be her swimmin' teacher across the sea of Life?"

"Why—n—no—I—I haven't. C—Could you offer any advice as to how I should go about such a thing?"

" 'Twould be grand if yez *could* go *about* sech a thing—but yez can't—when ye've got the *faver.* That's what the faver is fer—to edge yez to the pint o' proposin'. In the first place, Mister Tinker, what sort of a female is she?"

"Wht—er what sort? Why—er—. Oh yes—she wears a pink dress."

"Yez *don't* say, Mister Tinker. Sure an' it can't be Mrs. Swartz?"

"No. No. She—er— O yes (Bing reads the description in Mammies' Advice to Beauty Seekers') Yes, I have it. She is kittenish. Yes —*kittenish.*"

"H'm. You *don't* say, Mister Tinker?"

Casey slowly went to the book shelf and slowly and deliberately selected a dust-covered volume. Still more slowly he turned the leaves, laboriously squinting at their contents.

"It sezs," announced he at length, "in the Dictionary, that 'Kitten' means a young cat. Now kittens all grow to be cats, don't they, Mister Tinker, unless they be dhrowned in the wash tub?"

"Yes —to be sure."

"Let me see," Casey found an encyclopedia.

"C—A—yis, here we are, c-a-t. It sez 'CAT—a name applied to a certain species of carnivorous quadrupeds of the genius Felus.' Do yez get the force o' *that*, Mister Tinker? It goes further to say—'It is a decatful animal, and when enraged, it is extremely spiteful.' Did Bill Flyn scratch yez, Mister Tinker, whin he took his lave?"

"Why—yes, just a bit."

" 'Tis not a consequence to what a *Kitten* could do, Mister Tinker. A kitten's claws are sharper thin the tongue of a telyphone girl.

"The quistion thin is this—'What is the best way to ask a Cat fer the honor o' bein' its comrade till death do yez impart.' To win th' eternal respect of a cat ye must do what? Pet it? Look what yez got fer pettin' Bill Flyn, Mister Tinker. Yez must be ov the *opposite* nature to win the heart of th' 'kittenish' darlint. I'll be ov a lookin' at th' pictures and see what's the opposite to a cat. Let's see—ah—yis—we'd want somethin' noble. Now thin, what is noble, Mister Tinker?"

Bing thought cows were noble.

" 'Tis true. But 'tis nobleness in th *opposite* sex we want, Mister Tinker. Here it is—a lion—'a typical member of the carnivorous order of mammels, the chafe representative ov the family Felidae.' Now, isn't that a perfect description of a lion, Mister Tinker? It sezs, 'he's very strong, fierce and rapacious. His head is thick, his gait stately, his aspect, noble.' There we are, Mister Tinker—'*aspect noble.*' And it sez that his voice is tremendous.'

"To pop th' question to wan ov th' kittenish kiond—*be a Lion*, Mister Tinker. Be like the typical member ov the carnivorous order ov mammals, and a representative ov the family Felidae, and th' swate darlint will dhrink milk from yer shaving mug. Ye'll be going to bed, Mister Tinker? Shure, an' it is toim."

H. Cornebius Tinker bade all good night and retired—*without having wound his watch.*

And Bill Flyn, self satisfied, and with arched back and stretched legs, purred his assent under the affectionate strokes of Casey.

* * * * * *

"Little Arte wants yer." It was the office boy. Bing shuddered. What could it be *now*. Perhaps the President wanted to know if he'd married yet. Bing's conscience was clear—he'd *intended* to ask Miss Rose, but some way Casey's advice didn't seem exactly encouraging. Any way, he'd see little Arte.

"Next week is your vacation, Tinker, but you can go for both this week and next on full pay. You may draw it tonight—that is all."

A vacation! Horrors! He'd rather marry Mrs. Swartz.

"Er—Er—But Mr. Arthur er—I'd rather not—er—take it, thank you."

The President seemed to expect the answer which Bing gave.

"Very well, Tinker, on your way out tell the boy I want to see him."

"Yes sir.

"Did he bounce yer?" asked the boy as Bing came from the office.

Bing never could understand the boy. He seemed so eccentric.

"He wants to see you."

"Gosh! What did I do? Holy Jupiter! I bettcha I get the can."

President Arthur beamed pleasantly upon the boy, extremely self-conscious as he stood awkwardly before big Little Artie.

"It'll mean five dollars extra for you if you can do it."

"Do what, sir?"

"Harry, I want you to thoroughly convince Mr. Tinker that a vacation would be beneficial to his health. I want him to go by tomorrow. There's five in it if you persuade him to go—I cant. That is all."

The boy grew bolder. "May I have a half out of the five now?"

"What! Take part of your reward now? What redress will I have if you fail?"

"I ain't gonna fail."

"Good. Here's a dollar. But I'm afraid you'll not bribe him with *that*. What on earth do you need with—"

"I need it to buy dynamite."

The President suppressed his mirth. He turned his back and leaned over his desk. "Better buy nitro-glycerine," grinned he, "if you intend to budge Tinker."

For nine years Bing Tinker had carried on all his business communications with the stenographer through the office boy. Today he went to Miss Rose himself.

"Er—Miss—Rose—, it is now luncheon time. Could we er—could you—er—can't we lunch together today, Miss Rose?"

Miss Rose was typing. She hit the shift key in place of "e".

"You—you were addressing me?"

"Er—No mam—that is—I mean yes. We can lunch at er—the Peacock?"

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Tinker."

Miss Rose pinched herself as he put on her things. Two tellers stared open mouthed. *Bing had forgot his stick and gloves.*

Miss Rose and Bing went to the Peacock—the first time he had company for lunch since he sipped soda from the same glass with a girl schoolmate.

"Well, I'll be d—d. It was Little Artie."

"Gosh," exclaimed the boy. "I thot the Boob would forget his derby. Gee—if he *had* I'da lost the five."

"What has that to do with your winning the reward, Harry?"

"Do? it has *everything* to do. That's where I put the *Dynamite*."

The boy handed a small paper pamphlet to the President.

Hercules Dynamite, for Farmers.

CAUTION: While Hercules Dynamite is not at all offensive to the smell, it is wise to avoid inhaling either the odor from the Dynamite itself or the fumes produced by an explosion, as it often leads to a strong throbbing at the temples and terrific headache. "A—And you put it in his derby?"

"Yeh—under the sweat band."

"Here's your reward."

"But—Mr. Arthur—Yuh made a—yuh gave me more than—"

Little Artie was grinning as he disappeared into his office. "How awkward of me!"

At first sight of them Henri, the Peacock's oldest employee, hastened to the kitchen where he gulped down a Bromo seltzer. But when he saw Bing Tinker and Miss Rose actually sit down together at

the same table he begged off for the afternoon, determined to sleep until his brain was clearer.

Bing was searching his memory for Casey's advice. Hang it! For some reason his memory wasn't just as it should be—it was—well, he couldn't just say—rusty—no, not that. He felt dull—heavy-headed. Something seemed to press at his head—something that he couldn't exactly understand. A glass of water had no effect. In fact the pressing grew to be irregular, sometimes slight, then suddenly it would grow heavy—seemed to *pound* rather than press. He could hear it. The pounding was regular now—it jarred his whole being. Between beats he winced for the next dull, dreaded thud.

The last throb was the hardest yet. Then the awful soul scorching truth dawned upon his distracted brain—IT—the spot! He felt that those terrific throbs were Nature's warning, but too late. He'd neglected his hair. Now he must pay the penalty. He was seized with a wild desire to run, to enshroud IT with his napkin—anything to conceal the awful truth from Miss Rose.

Then Casey's words came to him—a word for each steady, nerve racking thump—"If ye'll win a Kitten, *be a lion.*" He'd try it. *He'd be a Lion.*

But try as he would, the role in which he was to be, "fierce, rapacious" and to assume an "aspect noble" seemed to bear little weight with Miss Rose. Instead of acting as becomes a kitten she was inclined to be a lioness. And all the while Bing was certain that his head would break the next moment.

"Really, Mr. Tinker, if we are to be at work by one o'clock we must be going."

Bing agreed.

* * * * *

Little Artie swung around in his chair.

"Not feeling well, Mr. Tinker?"

"No Sir, I have a headache."

"Then certainly you may go. Headache, eh? Country air is what you need. Better take your vacation after all."

"I—I believe I will, Mr. Arthur."

* * * * *

"Did yez say ye was lavin' us, Misther Tinker?"

"Yes, for two weeks."

"I wuz ov a' tellin' yez ye had it—the Faver."

Bing felt of his temples. "No, it's not the fever, it's merely headache."

"Yez played the LION, did yez?"

"Y—Yes."

"Thin a dollar to a pink poker chip I know what's wrong."

"I don't believe you do."

"Shure an' oi do. The KITTEN SCRATCHED.'

For the first time in nine years H. Cornelius Tinker lost his temper. "DAMN!! swore he, grabbing his suit cases.

Casey skillfully spat on the honeing stone before he spoke. He addressed the bootblack. "The dirty piker! He skipped out and didn't pay me th' pink poker chip."

* * * * *

'Tis a saying as old as the mother-in-law joke, yet nevertheless

'tis true, that of all nerve racking grievances, bestowed upon mankind by those who are supposedly at the services of the public, are those given by the modern brakeman on the average S. P. railroads. Watch him beat you to helping your best girl up the steps of the day coach while he leaves you to labor with your prospective mother-in-law, and you immediately learn that he is quite deserving of a kick. Watch him haggle with the woman just ahead of you and you learn that he is crabbed. Watch him as he pokes his head thru the car door and swears a few sentences in Chinese, and you learn that he chews plug tobacco, that he has porcelain teeth and is a misanthrope. But you are dumbfounded when you learn that, in that brief moment, he is calling the name of the next station. Little wonder then, that Cornelius Tinker was still riding, his station twenty miles behind.

But Bing was utterly at a loss to think up descriptive adjectives which would fit the brakeman, for all his forceful language had already become trite by his incessant use of it in describing the engineer. Why in thunder couldn't he instruct the fireman to add more fuel, or to diminish it—*anything* to make the monstrous throbs of the engine simultaneous with those within his head. Bing reasoned that if such a thing *could* be made to occur he could easily imagine that the throbs were all due to the engine. But hang it! The fool engineer seemed to take delight in making his engine throb at exactly one-half a second after that huge mallet hit his temples.

O *curse* the Derby! He'd be hanged if he'd wear it any longer. He'd throw it away.

The brakeman opened the door and called.

That settled it. Bing left the train. He was thru with trains and trainmen for all time. He breathed a series of modified condemnations as, with a shrieking, ear-splitting blast, the train took its choo-chooing departure—each vibrating "choo" occurring one-half second after the mallet landed.

H. Cornelius Tinker hurled the offending derby far up the tracks into the obscurity of the rapidly approaching night. He looked up at the sign on the station. Well, he'd be jiggered! He was in MOUNTAIN VIEW.

* * * * *

A meadow lark, its soul deluged with songs of Spring, was vainly endeavoring to share its joy with the world, almost bursting his throat with his gigantic efforts. The morning sun, its radiance flittered to a soft, eye-comforting glow by the vines at his window, gently soothed Bing's tired, over-wrought being and put new life into his heavy, drooping eyelids. Bing looked at his watch. It had stopped—for the first time in nine years. He remarked that he had not overslept for—O hang it! He didn't care if he *had* overslept. He felt fine—he'd take a morning shower—which he had been omitting for—O damn! He resolved not to think of those nine years again.

After bathing and breakfasting Bing began to think that spinster aunts, who lived in the country, were not so bad after all. In fact, Aunty May displayed her skill in the art of cookery in the breakfast she had prepared for him. And the flowers in her garden were as pretty as—as—well, he couldn't say. But anyway, he knew that there wasn't a florist who could have blended the different colors together as prettily

as his Auntie May had done. Yes—jokesmiths had the wrong idea concerning Spinster Aunts.

Bing was vainly endeavoring to make a favorable impression upon the cat. The cat didn't seem inclined to be impressed. A cat's friendship is not to be envied, anyway, for Bing recalled that cats belonged to a certain specie of *carnivorous* quadrupeds.

Auntie May was picking daisies from the tiny plants which bordered the gravel walk leading to the gate. A very pleasant looking girl in a very pleasant, tasty dress, was passing the gate. Her face was more than pleasant—it was *exceptionally* pretty—no, not pretty, it was more than that. It was—O hanged if he knew. But at any rate she was as attractive as any girl he'd seen. From under a jauntily cocked, unblocked Panama—Bing always had admired unblocked Panamas—wavered the most ungovernable, the waviest and the browsiest curls imaginable. Auntie May was already chatting and laughing with her as if she and the girl were of the same age. Yes—he was certain—Auntie May had the best taste of any spinster he knew.

"And do you know, Miss Tinker," the girl was saying, "that last evening daddy and I had an adventure."

"How so, my dear?"

"We were just getting off the train here at Mountain View when we saw a man jump off just as the train started. I really can't say what he looked like, because it was getting dark, but I'm going to imagine that he was handsome. He was holding his hat in his hands and watching the train as if the only woman he could ever love was leaving him forever. I really think that he *was* in love, because he was holding his head in his hands as if some awful sorrow was burdening his soul."

"But where did your near-adventure come in, dear?"

"Well, when the train had pulled out he turned, and without any apparent reason, he threw his hat away."

"It *must* have seemed queer."

"It rolled right over to us. Daddy picked it up and called to him but he jumped into a jitney and rode away. And, to add to the mystery, there was a lot of dynamite under the sweat band.

"Oh, I suppose it's the *Fever* that has hold of me—what if he had been a *prince.*" The girl was laughing. "Or *anything* romantic," she added.

"He probably was drunk," said Auntie May. She turned to the shuddering Bing. "O Bing! Stop teasing the cat and come here. I want to present you to Miss Ray. Miss Ray, my nephew, Bing Tinker."

The girl, smillngly extended her hand.

"Er—er delighted—er—Miss Ray," stuttered Bing.

"Bing," accused Auntie May, laughingly, "did you throw away your hat last night?"

"I'll just bet it *was* you, Mr. Tinker," wagered Miss Ray, her eyes a-twinkle, "because you haven't any on now."

No, he never wore one—that is, unless the sun was shining. Perhaps he'd better go in and get it. He hastily excused himself.

Great Scott! Meeting Miss Ray with IT, the bald SPOT, uncovered was worse than facing LITTLE ARTIE. Horrors! He'd wondered if she had seen IT. He'd borrow a hat from Auntie May and

go back. No—Auntie May's wouldn't do. What *would* serve to cover IT? Perhaps he could manage to comb his *hair* over IT. He'd try. But first he see how big IT really was.

He found a small mirror of Auntie May's. He put his back toward the large mirror in the dresser and slowly, half guiltily, looked into the small one in his hand. He saw the back of his head for the first time in nine—what! What the Dickens! "IT" *wasn't there!*

Casey had lied to him. And he'd wager a dollar to Casey's face that it was that same d—d Casey that put the dynamite in his hat.

He wanted to stand on the bed and yell his hilarity and to curse Casey all on the same breath. He hadn't felt so overjoyed since he was in college. By Jove! That reminded him—he'd comb his hair back—like he did when he was in college. He'd thought it undignified for the last—O hang those nine years.

He combed it back. It looked much better than the way Casey combed it. And he didn't make any allowance for "IT" either. "IT" wasn't there.

He was a boy again. He'd take a walk. He'd run—that is, if no one was looking.

* * * * *

On both sides of the long, almond-shaded lane were poppy carpeted orchards, snowy and fragrant with their blossoms. Chubby, red-breasted robins cocked their heads at Bing suspiciously as he passed. Myriads of bees and insects hummed and clicketed. Countless red-winged black birds, feeding in the grass bejeweled with the morning dew, flitted, and screeched defiance.

No. Bing was certain he'd never met her—Miss Ray—before. In fact he'd never met *any* girl in Mountain View before except Alice —"Al"—he'd called her. "Al" was all he'd ever heard *any* one call her. No—he was positive that Miss Ray was not Al. Al was freckled, or *was* when Bing had seen her last. And homely! Great Scott, but she was homely. And mean, too. She could think up more unique ways of teasing cats than even *he*. Now where was it she lived? He'd forgotten. But he'd ask the *very* next—

"Hello,mister."

"Eh—what! Oh!—hello, sonny."

Great Scott, but he was a homely urchin. And freckled, too. By Jove! He'd wager a dollar for every one of the urchins freckles that he was Al's brother.

"Peach of a pup you've got there, sonny," ventured Bing, as he enviously eyed the big-headed, bow-legged terrier which was so homely that it was admirable.

"You bettcha he's a peach." Two rows of freckles which bordered his lips parted into a grin.

"What's his name?"

"Bing. My sister named him."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Some dog, eh mister?"

"Yes. Bing is *some* dog."

"He ain't afraid o' nothin'—'cept turkeys. Kin you gobble, mister?"

"Why er—no."

"You oughter be able to—'cause if Bing takes after you, *gobblin'*

is the only thing that'll make him change his mind. Watch him now."

For several minutes the urchin strutted about in front of the two Bings, stretching and restretching his neck, flipping his arms and imitating as nearly as possible, his conception of a turkey's physical appearance. Then he suddenly emitted such a series of gobbles that even Bing Tinker was startled. But so instantaneous was the effect upon the pup that Tinker scarcely knew in what direction he had gone.

"Some dog, eh, mister? Wanta see his mother?"

"You bet I do, sonny."

The urchin led the way under a fence, thru an orchard and into a small domesticated menagerie.

"You oughter learn to gobble, mister. A turkey is the only thing that will scare Bing." He whistled. A big bull terrier made her appearance, followed by her quivering pup. "This here," announced the urchin, "is Lizzy."

But Lizzy didn't seem overwhelmed with joy at meeting her son's namesake. She emitted a low, savage growl as Tinker stepped nearer. Tinker eyed her fearlessly.

"Better watch out, mister, Lizzie's sore."

Yes, he'd do it. Bing flipped his arms—stretched his neck, and gobbled. Lizzy took the challenge.

"Run mister!"

And H. Cornelius Tinker ran—for the ladder leading to the hay loft.

"Come here, Lizzy. *Here!*" But Lizzy heeded not.

There were eight steps on the ladder. Tinker leaped to the fourth. So did Lizzie—and *stayed* there—clinging desperately to Tinker's trousers. Tinker's head was even with the floor of the loft. One more frantic scramble and he'd be in safety. He shook his body, swinging Lizzy within range of his foot. He yelled a screeching gobbie and landed a well aimed kick. Lizzy fell.

"SCAT!" A ting slipper-clad foot was thrust pugnaciously into his face. The ladder began to slip! He heard Lizzy at the bottom. Her son, who regained courage, tore madly at the ladder. It fell. Tinker clutched madly at the tiny foot. Its owner screamed. The slipper came off. Tinker clutched at the silken stocking and scrambled into the loft.

The owner of the foot had stopped screaming.

"Oh! OH!! I thot it was one of those horrid turkeys." *It was Miss Ray!*

H. Cornelius Tinker struggled for his voice. "Er—er—it——it was—er—I mean Lizzy chased me er—m—Miss Ray."

The urchin was calling. "Hey, Al! Tell the mister that here's a gunny sack if he wants to mend his—"

Al! That was all Bing had heard. Miss Ray was Al—the homely freckled deviless that was meaner than he. He noticed her thin, kissable lips. They seemed to be puckered tantalizingly. On the second glance he noticed that there was the vaguest of vague down on the upper one which but seemed to make the mouth more bewitching.

"Al!"

"Well, Bing Tinker, you needn't think because Lizzie chased you

that you can run away with my slipper at will.'' She laughingly extended her tiny silken foot. ''You may put it right back where you found it, Bing Tinker.''

And far away, in the noisy, crowded city, a barber was busily grooming a bank president.

''Have your hair singed?'' he asked.

''No, replied the President. ''I'm fraid it'll establish a precedent.''

''I'm glad Mister Arthur. Burning hair smells loike th' trash the women burn whin they do their house cleanin'. It always gives me the FAVOR.''

And in Mountain View, in the barn yard of the Rays, a very homely, freckled faced urchin wondered why the occupants of the loft above were'nt clamoring for the return of the ladder.

Summer

BY ALVIN BRUNHOFER, '17

THE silv'ry moon now shines through laden trees,
The meadows are with tender daisies strewn,
The ripening grain is swaying in the breeze,
And all is fruitful in the month of June.

In every glade bloom flowers of every hue,
The meadow lark's shrill note is sweet and clear,
The fragrant grass is bright with morning dew,
And on the vines the butterflies appear.

The Hunt

BY PORTER KIMBALL

AT the end of the week, when our schooling is done,
We're off to the marsh, with cartridge and gun.
The Call of the duck, is to us in his quest
Of all other music, the sweetest and best.

As we tramp o'er the marsh lands, and breathe the salt air
We, like the dogs, are glad to be there,
Five days we've been studying to gain a great name,
But this day is best and we're out for the game.

"Watch out! Hold that dog! And don't let him whine;
We must try to work back, to the left of that blind.
Easy boy! Go slow! Don't rush them just yet,
The morning's still early, and the grass is still wet."

"See that point? There's another." What a sight for the men!
Who could copy the picture with brush or with pen?
"Steady sport! Hold him there! He'll not get away;
If we lose just that bird 'twill start a bad day."

"Steady boy! Easy now! Don't try to be fast,
We'll get our share, and there's plenty to last."
A whirl of wings, a sharp report!
"Go get him, boy! Ah, this is the sport!"

You Never Can Tell

BY HUGH L. ROSS, '16

E all crowded into the front seats of the chemistry recitation room to receive our initial lesson in this subject of magnanimous importance from our faithful instructor. With many explanations he conceded to show us the first principle of chemical union in all its splendors. He arose in all majestic height and glory and strode with unfaltering step to the small deal table containing necessary paraphernalia for our illumination upon the subject of pyrotechnical detonations. With his good left hand he reached out and firmly grasped a large receptacle, placing, therein several powders unknown to us of such limited education and general enlightenment, which he said would create a dazzling display of multi-colored flames. Bringing forth from the heap of apparatus a wedgewood pestle he diligently set to work to grind the contents of the mortar. With extreme caution, so as not to arouse the ire of the chemicals he sidled as far from the base of operations as his generous endowment of arm. After several minutes' nerve-racking tension, we were relieved when he paused in the grinding, and with an enlightened expression reached into a voluminous paper sack and brought a handful of yellow, finely pulverized powder and added to the contents of the mortar. The grinding was resumed for several revolutions of the pestle! The crash resounded throughout the building and shrapnel from the 42.5 centimeter mortar rained about us in its deadly hail. The concusion forced our instructor's hand as far from his person as a well built wall would permit.

When we had partially recovered and our professor had the supreme satisfaction of seeing that he still had fingers to wiggle, the gallant Junior who is to be our hero, gallantly offered his seat of safety in the rear of the room to a very beautiful young lady member of the class and took for himself one more open to the dangers of bombardment.

Throughout this malestorm of excitement sat a fiendish villain with a bleached face and a myriad of direful plots crashing through his tortured brain. He must win this girl for whom this gallant was making such untold sacrifices and win her admiration at his rival's expense.

Upon being permitted a closer inspection of a wondrously beautiful platinum pendant presented to our heroine by his rival the would-be hero executed the horrible deed of revenge that had taken shape in his cramped mind. From an array of bottles he poured some yellowish liquid into a porcelain crucible and dropped therein this priceless emblem of our hero's esteem. With a gasp of horror at the realization of what was taking place the two defensible students watched with stilled hearts the outcome of the deviltry. For a moment only did a look of relief appear upon their faces as sinister occurred within the crucible. But the odds were reversed, for in a cloud of brown fumes accompanied with a fiendish peal of laughter the pendant disappeared into that great unknown, never to reappear.

Partialy repenting what he had done this monster offered to recompense for the damage done the lady by offering a thin metal disc roughly called a dime. His filthy lucre was spurned, and with a look that told him what his brilliance in chemistry meant to her, she turned and left him to regret that he had tried to awe her by a display of knowledge that unfortunately he did not possess.

Later in the year some uppish Senior boys appeared one morning, all arrayed in flaring yellow abominations they designated as cravats but what appeared to the rest of the school as being strips torn from a yellow quarantine flag, such as are used as warning in the near presence of smallpox.

A great jubilee was held in honor of the senior palm with ceremonies befitting the occasion upon an evening of the following week. I will ask you to use your imagination in aiding me in the description of a most wonderful moonlight night, numberless happy boys and girls making merry around its majesty, the palm; the villain crouching on the steps of the domestic science building, waiting an opportune moment to cross the wires that will blow the palm to—we won't go looking for it. The excitement heightens. Everybody is enjoying the festivities to their utmost. Joy reigns. A stifling odor penetrates the otherwise sweet night air. Couples leave hastily and rather informally.

"Curses!" cries the villain, "somebody has switched my preparations. My chances, my chances, gone, gone, GONE!" OOOW! A pause. He gazes with his prudent eyes and open mouth. From another angle a doubtful Senior gasps like a fish out of water. What do they see that startles them in this manner but the fair inspiration of their unworthy toil rejoicing with an infant Sophomore at the clever manner in which she had made these bite.

"Curses!" cries the villain again. " 'Twas *she* who spilt the hash. The Senior palm will live. She has brought my plan to nil."

"Woe be unto the Sophomore," warns the Senior, "for verily likewise will she hand him a lemon. Ah me! 'Tis fair woman's nature; but pity the lunk-headed soph when her wrath descends upon him."

Ye, lowly underclass men, take warning from one who knows:

First—Make early application for a rear seat in the chemistry recitation room.

Second—Provide yourself with an oxygen helmet as a protection against asphyxiating gasses, a bullet proof, acid proof, fireproof suit as a protection against the playfulness of your fellow students.

Last but not least, remember, dear children, a superabundant knowledge of anything that you are overly anxious to display is **not** the key to a fickle lady's heart.

Abide by these laws and prosper.

The Five Thousand an' First

BY ANGELO SEMINO, '15

HOME seekers, prospective mine owners, and strangers of every social cast who wanted information concerning the populace in and about the city of Butte, or wanted a drink, sought Fuzzy Moore. That is why H. H. Dawson, advance agent of the "JONES THREE-RINGED WILD ANIMAL CIRCUS" lingered long over his beer and cracker.

"An enterprising town, this," ventured Dawson.

Fuzzy paused from his glass drying to stare amazingly at the stranger. "W—what?" he stammered interrogatively.

"A lively little town."

Fuzzy's look of amazement faded into a jovial, fuzz-bordered smile of welcome. "Have another beer," he commanded rather than quizzed.

The advance agent shook his head.

"It'll be on the house," said Fuzzy smilingly. "You're the first stranger that's offered Butte such a compliment since the gold rush."

"That's why it isn't more lively than it is," stated Dawson. "People aren't aware that it *is* enterprising. What's the population?"

Fuzzy's tone was authoritative. "Five thousand."

"Not half bad."

"No," apologized Fuzzy, "*Not* 5000. My boss says 5000 and one. I have to agree or be fired. I say 5000, not counting Injuns and Greasers. My boss says there's one more who ain't a Greaser. He's Castilian, so there's 5000 an' one."

"Who is he?" asked Dawson.

"Fernando de Plazo. He's as yellow-streaked as the rest of the greasers only every one calls him 'Castilian' because he owns the richest claim and the most land of any one in Butte. The boss counts him in the census because he pays for his drinks."

"Is he the one that sort of curls his lips when he trys to smile—look as if he's about to snap?"

"Say," exclaimed Fuzzy, extending his hand cordially. "Shake. You're the first stranger who didn't ask about that 'handsome Spaniard' with the noble Castilian features."

"He's generous anyway. When I met him he was quarreling with

Jamson, the lawyer, and was in as ugly a mood as one would be apt to find him. But he grinned and positively refused to be payed for the use of his lot across from the bank."

"What you going to do with the lot?"

Dawson produced a small pasteboard and placed it on the bar. "Jones' Three Ringed Wild Animal Circus is coming. Take a ticket?"

"I'll wait 'till it comes," grinned Fuzzy. "Yol *look* sensible enough, but if you're figuring on bringing a *circus* to Butte—

"Take the ticket now," urged the agent. "It's a comp."

* * * *

Under the big top of the Jones' Three Ringed Wild Animal Circus the evening performance was in full swing. The "whops" had already torn down the side show and mess tents and had begun loading onto the cars all animals and paraphernalia used in the first of the performance. Just at the performers' entrance Weaver, the lot manager, was in a serious debate with "Frenchy" Flannagin, the head elephant keeper. The manager's tone was pleading.

"It's out of the question, Frenchy, your act is advertised as much as all the rest of the show put together. Without the elephant's 'District School' in the middle ring the show would go on the bum in a week."

"But Mister Weaver, listen to reason. I'm tellin' you that that Isabella is gonna raise hell within fifteen minutes. Her eye looks wicked. She's dopin' out somethin' bad. An' that there bull ain't far behind Isabella neither. He's been trumpetin' since dark—same as he did just before that cyclone what wrecked the big top in St Looy."

"The bull probably has indigestion," offered Weaver. "Lord knows what these Butte people have been feedin' him. And as to Isabella, why she—".

His voice was drowned by a tremendous, vibrating trumpet from the bull.

"I'm tellin' you, Mister Weaver, the cusses will stampede. There's a storm comin', and if it's not a storm of the elements it'll be somethin' worse. Lord, Mister Weaver, what if the District School start a rush into the crowd!" He called down the row of elephants to the keeper of Isabella. "Hey, Abdul, get that kid away from the ropes. Isabella is—"

An urchin had ventured too near. Isabella, with a wicked, fiery, glint in her eyes, reached her trunk viciously toward him.

"Izzy—down, down, Izzy," shrieked the Hindoo.

"Guard her," yelled Flannagin, "guard her, Abdul. Down Izzy, *down!* Lordy, Abdul, keep those kids outside the ropes."

"Izzy must be ver' peevish, Meester Frenchy, *ver'* peevish. She sense a pom* Those cowboys of Butte maybe start pom, eh."

The manager laughed. "The whops are expecting it. Every drunken one of 'em is armed with a tent stake. 'Twont take Isabella long to settle any rough stuff which these cattle punchers may start."

Flannagin's tone was determination. "Pom or no pom, Isabella an' that bull stay chained—even if you fire me for—down—Izzy,—IZZY, DOWN! In the name of St. Patrick, Abdul, keep her *down.*"

"Izzy, she ees peeved. She—".

---

*Pom—Free for all fight.

A deafening trumpet from the bull drowned the Hindoo's voice.

"A storm's brewin'," prophecied Flannagin. "An' within the night hell will be loose."

"Izzy's nervous," begun the Hindoo, "are—".

Again he was interrupted by the trumpeting blast of the bull and, this time it is answered by a roar from the vicinity of the lions.

"If you'll listen to me you'll cut the show short, Mister Weaver, an' pull freight."

A pink tighted Assyerian lady slunk up apologetically toward the manager. "Ah Mister Weaver, my act, it must be ommitted. The hyenas—oh—they are awful. They smell the meat. Mister De Plazo —he slaughtered for a barbecue. My hyenas—oh—they will do *nothing*. They are the crazed."

A hideous, unearthly, half coughing cry sounded from the menagerie. Two "whops" were removing the educated seals' tank throhgh the peformers' exit. "When those damnable grave robbers commence to cough on a night like this you know the jinx is on us. There ain't any wind—that's what makes things seem so hellish—those black clouds a flyin' and blockin' out the moonlight, no noise 'cept what's under the big top—then that cough from them corpse eaters."

The other "whop" spoke encouragingly. "Somebody said that the elephants sensed a pom."

"Pom nothin'. This berg is so dead that it's got them hyenas to—"

Again the bull trumpeted. Isabella and two other cows answered. The cry was taken up at the further end of the tent by the lions, hyenas, and the monkeys. Even the bears were uneasy.

"That settles it," declared the first whop. "I desert."

"Mister—, if you'll be listenin' to me—oh that ungodly cough."

The manager signaled the whop. The flaps on the performers' entrance dropped. "O Jake." The band leader saluted. "Jake" ordered the manager, "Play 'The Star Spangled Banner.' "

* * * *

Two officers of Butte sought the lot manager in his sleeping quarters on the circus train just as the special engine was backing onto the siding. Mr. Weaver came reluctantly from his bunk.

"We are very sorry, sir, but I am afraid that your show will have to be detained until some very serious and puzzling mysteries are cleared up. Mr. Jamson, the noted lawyer of Butte, has been murdered."

"Well?"

"Any number of apologies which I might utter will fail to atone for the inconvenience to which we are to put you. The court has issued an injunction against you and you will not be permitted to go on with your show after 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. I thought I would inform you of the fact that you might more conveniently plan to discontinue your journey until the matter is settled."

The manager seemed indignant. "If you would explain instead of—".

"Certainly, sir. In short, pardon me for my frankness, the murderer was a horseman, evidently, for there are foot prints leading

from the Jamson house through Senior De Plazo' further pasture, across the creek and onto the circus lot.''

Mr. Weaver consulted his watch. ''By eight o'clock we would be in El Paso—almost ready for the parade. You have the injunction papers?''

''For your satisfaction, sir.''

''Hum.'' He turned to the property man. ''O White, make arrangements with the railroad so that we can stay on this siding for a day or so. Phone the commissary in El Paso. Tell him to wait for orders. O Donaldson, come here a moment. Officer, meet Mr. Donaldson, the show's detective.'' Weaver turned to Donaldson, ''Milt, the officers have us in a deuce of a mess. Look into it.''

''Yes sir.''

''And Milton, see Senor De Plazo about staying on his land. This mix up may compel us to put up the animal tent again. I'll phone the advance agent to come and help you clear up. Good luck. O curse that bull elephant.''

''The case is extremely mystifying, Mr. Donaldson,'' said the head officer,'' as the two followed the apparent trail of the murderer, ''extremely mystifying. Among the men who examined these hoof prints which led from Mr. Jamson's house was a blacksmith of Butte, who testified that there isn't another horse in town that could leave tracks like these. He said that the print of the left fore hoof indicates that the horse's leg was slightly bent outward along its shank. It looks reasonable, because as you can see for yourself, the print of the left hoof is much more distinct on the outer edge. What makes things more complicated is that the only horse in Butte which has such a leg is Senor De Plazo's Indian Pinto.''

''De Plazo's?'' exclaimed Donaldson. ''Well, then, why must the show be involved?''

''Because, sir, De Plazo's Pinto has been stolen and because the thief, as nearly as we have been able to make out from the direction of the hoof prints, was a member of the circus. The prints lead from De Plazo's pasture to the scene of the murder, then back, across the creek to the circus lot.''

''Hum. Is this Mr. Jamson's residence?''

''Yes, sir. And the corner room on the first floor is his.''

A solitary guard stood in the doorway of the Jamson mansion. Save for a solitary gas jet at the foot of the stairs the house was in darkness.

''The news is, as yet, secret, Mr. Donaldson. The lawyer's family are at Palm Beach and have not yet been notified. At the time of the crime there was no one in the house save the murderer and Mr. Jamson.''

The three men entered the scene of the murder. Through the curtained windows the moon cast a yellowish light, now vivid, now ghastly as the black clouds opened and closed about it. The window was open. A faint suggestion of a breeze had arisen, noiseless—uncanny—just enough to sway the blood-stained curtains.

''The blood, Mr. Donaldson, is scarcely dry. The stains are hardly an hour old.''

''The body?'' questioned Donaldson.

''Is gone.''

"Gone! Well, how do you know there has been a——"

"It's mysterious, sir. At the police station Mr. Jamson's voice was heard over the phone. 'I have been stabbed. Come. I am dy—' That was the last. The receiver was down when we arrived—just as he had left it."

Black clouds suddenly opened before the moon. The blood stained curtains fluttered noiselessly, seeming to make ghost like gestures toward a small coagulated puddle on the window sill. The upper gale hurried a scattered mist before the moon. The light paled. The clouds closed and the room was in darkness, the curtains groping silently into the room. And through the window, borne by the silent breeze, there sounded a hideous, unearthly cry—terrifying. 'Twas the cough of the circus hyenas.

* * * *

There was something about the Spanish ranch owner's foreman which made him trustworthy. And Senor Fernando De Plazo outdid himself in elegance, truthfulness and good fellowship toward the foreman that he might gain his confidence.

"My ranch, Senor Bradly, I leave entirely in your charge. I am going to El Paso. If my stolen Pinto is returned give the finder the one thousand dollars reward which I have offered and which I leave in your hands."

"Senior De Plazo, I, myself might gain the reward. Since I have seen the picture of your horse I remember that, on the night of the circus performance I saw a man with a white faced Pinto such as yours. He was riding the horse, not toward the home of Mr. Jamson, but toward the ravine above your pasture. He sort of curled his lip when he smiled—I noticed **it** because it was like a snarl—yet I could hardly recognize him again unless I saw him smile. I don't remember his dress. I shall testify to the police."

The ranch owner ventured a quick, searching glance toward the foreman. "I shall go. Good luck to you, Senor. I hope that you may keep the reward for yourself."

In Senor De Plazo's pasture, before the entrance to the animal tent of the Jones' Three Ringed Wild Animal Circus, Manager Weaver nervously stroked his spiky beard. He was addressing the head groom. "If that know—it—all detective, Donaldson asks you for the loan of any more horses tell him, 'NO'. If he *insists* send him to me. Of all the fool stunts I've ever heard of his are the most foolish. He's borrowed nearly every horse we own and taken them, one at a time, over to that little creek with the plank across it. The idiot has tried to make every single one of 'em walk over that plank—as if a horse would cross a creek on a foot board when the creek is only six feet wide. Here comes Dawson."

The advance agent approached cordially. "How are you, Mr. Weaver? I hear that you are having trouble."

"I'm in up to my ears. And that blundering Donaldson—."

"I would have reported to you earlier, Mr. Weaver, but I was talking over the case with Donaldson just a few minutes ago. He showed me the tracks that were made by De Plazo's Pinto."

"He and hoof prints grate on my nerves."

"It's a peculiar thing. Those prints lead to the creek and cross it on a twelve-inch board."

"He's been tryin' all morning but hasn't yet succeeded in making one of *our* horses do that."

"That's why he's almost certain his theory was right. He can't find a horse that *will* do it. That's why it's almost dead certain that the murderer of Jamson was not riding a horse at all."

On the ranch of Senor Fernando De Plazo there was a very pretty cottage, far removed from the bunk houses of the cowboys, which the owner always reserved for his foreman and family. Being without a family and caring little for exclusiveness, Foreman Bradly usually ate with his men at the mess house. But by the request of De Plazo he bunked and did all his writing and other such work in the cottage.

On the evening following the departure of De Plazo to El Paso, Bradly bade good night to his men shortly after supper, and entered the cottage. There he stayed only until the fall of darkness. He slipped quietly through the back door and into the concealing shadows near the corral. He whistled, "Are you there, Dawson?"

The figure of the advance agent appeared from under the water-trough. "Here."

"Go into the house and when you hear me call, you phone Mr. Weaver to let the Assyrian woman come with her hyenas. She knows what to do."

The advance agent entered the house. The foreman crept under the trough to wait in anxious, silent expectancy.

During the long hours which followed a horse munched slowly at the hay within the corral. Occasionally it stopped to listen or stamped his foot impatiently. But at last, during the darkest hour of the night, it gave a startled whining. A dark figure approached. It was the figure of a man walking like a quadruped, using his hands as fore feet. At the corral he stopped, not a yard from where crouched the foreman. He stood upright and began to remove two bulky, iron horseshoe-shaped blocks from his hands. The foreman arose suddenly to his feet. The figure caught its breath, leapt back and raised one of the heavy blocks above the foreman's head.

A quick blow from the foreman—the figure tripped over the blocks which were bound to its feet, and he was handcuffed.

"O Dawson," called the foreman, "'Phone Weaver." The foreman whistled. Two officers approached.

"You have him Mr. Donaldson?" asked one, approaching quickly.

"Yes," answered the foreman. "One of you take charge of Senor Fernando De Plazo. The other bring the iron block from the Senor's *left* hand and come with me. We'll follow those coughing grave robbers."

The advance agent came panting up the ravine, which ran up from De Plazo's pasture. "Have you found the body of Jamson?"

"Not a trace of it," answered Donaldson discouragedly. "But the Assyrian woman's grave robbers found the horse."

"W—what?" gasped Dawson.

"Found De Plazo's Pinto. It was shot in the head and buried here. And this," he brought forward a horseshoe shaped block, "this is modeled after the hoof of the Pinto's left fore leg."

"Lawyer Jamson is alive."

"W—what?" The chorus turned toward the approaching grinning manager.

"De Plazo compelled him to 'phone the police, then took him to his house and locked him up. He made Jamson tell the combination of his safe. Jamson has gained five pounds since his apparent murder."

* * * *

Homeseekers, prospective mine owners, census men and most seekers after information concerning the population of Butte sought Fuzzy. That is why Mr. Jamson's future son-in-law went to Fuzzy's bar.

"An enterprising town you have here."

"It is that," agreed Fuzzy, hesitatingly.

"How many inhabitants?"

Fuzzy was authoritative. "Five Thousand."

There was a loud shouting and cheering in the streets of Butte. The Jones' Three Ringed Wild Animal Circus' brass band was marching through the town playing, "Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More."

"What's the big idea?" asked Fuzzy. "I thought the circus was leaving."

The advance agent burst into the saloon, his face aglow. "The bearded lady of the side show has queered the Jones' Three Ringed Wild Animal Circus. He's father to a ten pound boy."

Fuzzy summoned the future son-in-law of Mr. Jamson. "I told you wrong, sir. The Population of Butte is Five Thousand and One."

School Days of Long Ago

BY ADA BOOHER, '18

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!
Make me a schoolboy again—just for tonight.
School days come back from memory's shore,
Come back, you days of yore;
When half the time I laughed, and played and shirked,
The rest of which I strove, and studied, and worked.
How I long for the days when I was free!
Come back, school days—come back to me.

Backward, flow backward, O Tide of the years!
Flow back to the time of my high school careers;
When on the teachers I played my jokes,
And many tricks on the smaller folks,
When I took the clapper out of the principal's bell,
When I gagged the Freshman so he couldn't tell.
How I long for those days of mirth and glee!
Come back, happy days—come back to me.

Mesuna

BY BYRON KOO, '15

SOME think that love, strong, true, and self-sacrificing, is not to be found in the Orient, but the story of Mesuna, which comes down 500 years, proves the contrary, for it still has the fresh, sweet flavor of a romance of yesterday; albeit the setting of the East provides an odd and interesting background.

"The hunt is off in the wild dark hills,
And the moon is cold and gray,
While the tramping feet of a thousand horses
Ring in the frosty way.
In the hall of the Prince the music thrills
And the wine cups chink for joy,
'Mid the noise of the dancer's savage tread
And the lilt of the wild haut boy."

When the great banquet was in progress and high born maidens, dancing girls, and other representatives of good cheer were called, Keydon (Governor's son) too, went to look on with a half-dozen comrades. There was among the dancing girls a charming girl of sixteen. She was very beautiful, like some angelic being, who sang and danced to the delight of all beholders. Her ability, too, was especially marked, for she understood the classics and was acquainted with history. The brightest of all was she, famous and far renowned.

"Who's that, the cream-white silk dressed one?" inquired Keydon, with a bashful smile.

"Where?" whispered one of his comrades, as he looked around the hall with searching eyes. "I don't see whom you're talking about. They are all snow white to me."

"Oh, you are sleeping. Wake up and see the one who has the eyebrows of first quarterly moon. Do you see her now?"

"I see," replied Hans, "she is now in the conversation with the Governor?"

"Now you caught her," said Keydon. "Who is she?"

"She is Mesuna, the most charming girl of our state," was the answer, "and——'

"The Governor calls you, Keydon," cried Kim. "Quick!"

Keydon rushed through the crowd and reported his presence.

The Governor during the lull in the banquet, introduced Mesuna to his son, and ordered them to dance together and to delight the assembled guests. On hearing this, they came out and danced like fairies, graceful as the waving of the willows, light and airy as the swallow.

All who saw them were charmed. From the evening forth they were fast friends. More than all the delightful stories of history was their love—such as had never been seen.

The Governor's term of office was extended for six years, and so they remained in the northern country. At the end of his term, he and his wife were in great anxiety over their son being separated

from Mesuna. If they were to force them to separate, they feared Keydon would die of broken heart. If they took Mesuna with them, she not being his wife, he feared for his reputation. Governor called him and said: "Even parents cannot decide as to the love of their son for a maiden. What ought we to do? You love Mesuna, so that it would be very hard for you to part, and yet to have a dancing girl before you are married is not good form, and will interfere with your prospects and promotion. However, the having of a second wife is a common custom in Korea, and one that the world recognizes."

"Do as you think best in the matter," Keydon replied. "There is no difficulty; when she is before my eyes, of course she is everything, but when the time comes for me to start for home, she will be like an old pair of shoes laid aside; so please do not be anxious."

The Governor and his wife were greatly delighted, and said he was a "superior man," indeed.

When the time came to part, Mesuna cried bitterly, but Keydon showed not the slightest sign of emotion. Those looking on were filled with wonder at his fortitude. Although he had already loved Mesuna for six years, he had never been separated from her for a single week and knew not what it meant to say good-bye.

The Governor returned to Seoul to fill the office of Chief Justice. It was almost the time of Kam-see (Degree of A. B.) examination. The Governor, therefore, sent his son to a neighboring monastery, similar to Medeaval Monastery in England, to study and prepare. Chief Monk is the keeper of the monastery whose high education is based upon Confucianism and Buddism; the course of studies are twelve volumes of Budda, nine classics of Confucian Chinese, and the History of Korea and China. Keydon went, and one night after all were asleep, the young man stole out into the court yard.

It was winter, with frost, snow and a cold, clear moon. The mountains were deep and the whole world was quiet, so that the slightest sound could be heard. He so wished to see Mesuna that he decided that very night to set out for the far distant Ping Yang.

He had on a fur head-dress, a thick white coat, a black leather belt and a heavy pair of oiled shoes. When he had gone less than ten miles, however, his silkened feet were blistered. He became hungry as he progressed further on his journey, so took to begging as he went.

In a thick covered snow mountain region he got lost in a lonesome road just about dark. While stumbling along through the snow he heard a voice reading and saw a light ahead. He walked, over the snow covered ditches and road, up to the light, finding there a thatched house. When he called, a man came out, registering great surprise, for the people of this region very seldom see night travelers a-foot.

"What's that? Ah, I see, it's a goblin! Go away!" commanded the man.

"I am a human being, please let me in for a night," pleaced Keydon in an unclear voice.

"You awful goblin, go away from my house! I'll fire at you, go!"

Keydon bowed low at the man's feet in a great fear and said: "It's a traveler who is lost in this strange country. Kindly let me in."

The man at last admitted him and asked him who he was and

offered his needs. Keydon disguised himself as a cooly, for he feared he might be caught by his father's officials, and set out early next morning. His clothes were torn and his face was blacked till he did look like a goblin. On he went, little by little, day by day, till at last he reached Ping Yang.

Straight to the Mesuna's house he went. She was not there, only the mother, who did not recognize him.

"Where is Mesuna?" he asked. "I have walked 500 miles to see her."

"Walked 500 miles to see my daughter? Who are you? How, when and where did you see my Mesuna?"

"My name is Keydon, the former Governor's son, and—"

"Hum!" the old woman mused. "My daughter is now with the new Governor's son and she has been away for two or three months. Even though you have made such a long journey, there is no possible way to meet her." She nodded a cold adieu.

"I came to see Mesuna," thought Keydon to himself, "but she is not here. Her mother refused me; I cannot go back, and I cannot stay." While thus in this dilemma a plan occurred to him. There was a scribe in the city who, during his father's term of office, had offended and was sentenced to death. However, Keydon had gone to pay his morning salutations, had besought and secured the scribe's pardon. His father, out of regard for his son's petition had forgiven the scribe. Keydon thought, "I was the means of saving the man's life. He will probably take me in." So he decided to go to the house of the scribe.

"The supper is over," said the servant, and laughed. "Go to some other house and beg."

"Please, I am not here to beg, but to see the master of the house," said Keydon. "I am not a beggar."

"Master!" replied the servant in a loud voice, "the master is in the inner room. Come in the bright daylight if you want to see him."

"Who comes thus at twilight to make such a disturbance?" asked the voice within the room. "Report the matter at once."

"Tell the master it is Keydon, the son of the former Governor," said Keydon.

On hearing this the servant rushed in and reported the presence of Keydon. The scribe was quite surprised at the unexpected visit of his master in disguise. Overseers of the country often travel in disguise as beggars.

"How is it that your Excellency finds yourself in this unaccountable why?" asked the scribe, bowing low. "Please come in."

Keydon entered. A little later he talked over with his host the possibilities of meeting Mesuna.

"I am afraid there is no way for you to meet her alone, but if you like to see even her face, I think I can manage it. Will you consent?" asked the scribe.

"Yes," murmured Keydon.

The scribe was in charge of the sweepers in the inner court. In the morning, after a light fall of snow, Keydon mixed with the company of sweepers and went with a broom into the inner enclosure to work. The other laborers, being all practical hands, worked with ease; Keydon alone handled his broom to no advantage. The new

Governor's son watching the process, looked out and laughed and called Mesuna to see the sweeper. Mesuna stepped out in the open hall and Keydon raised his eyes to see. She glanced at him but once, then went into her room, not appearing again, to the disappointment of the lover, who came back in despair to the scribe's home.

Mesuna was first of all a wise and highly gifted girl. One look had told her who the sweeper was. She came back into the court and began to cry.

"Why do you cry?" asked the Governor's son.

Mesuna replied in low tone. "I am a low class girl; you are mistaken in thinking highly of me or counting me of worth. Already I have not been home for two whole months and more. This is a special compliment and a high honour, and so there is not the slightest reason for any complaint on my part. But still I think of my home, which is poor, and my mother. It is customary on the annivarsary of my father's death to prepare food from the official quarters, and offer a sacrifice to his spirit, but here I am imprisoned and tomorrow is the sacrificial day. I fear that not a single act of devotion will be paid. I am disturbed over it, and that's why I cry."

Sympathetically he agreed. So Mesuna came like flaming fire back to her home, and said to her mother. "Keydon has come and I saw him. Is he not here?"

"He came here, it is true," replied her mother, "and all the way on foot to see you, but I told him that you are with the new Governor's son and there is no possible way for you to meet him, so he went away. Where? I know not."

"Oh, mother, why did you do so?" she sobbed. "I can never break with him nor give him up. We were each sixteen when we were chosen to dance together, and while it may be said that men choose us, it is truer still to say that God hath chosen. We grew into each other's lives, and there was never such love as ours, even though he forgot and left me. I can *never* forget him. I *must* find him, mother, even though he casts me aside I never shall forget him. I cannot marry the new Governor's son, for my heart is still true to Keydon. I would sooner die than to remain apart from him. How could he ever come so far for one so low and vile? He, a gentleman of the highest birth, suffered for the sake of a wretched dancing girl, has endured all the hardships in coming so far. Could you not have thought, mother, of these things and given him at least some kindly welcome? Could my heart be other than broken?"

"I know of no place where he may be," said the mother, "unless it be at the scribe Arn's house."

Quick as thought she flew thence, and there they met. They clasped each other, but not a word was spoken.

When it was night Mesuna said: "When tomorrow comes we shall have to part. What shall we do?" They talked it over, and agreed to elope.

On awakening in the morning in the temple where he had gone to study, they found Keydon missing. All was in a state of confusion. What had become of the son of the Chief Justice? They hunted for him far and wide, but he was nowhere to be found. Word was sent to the parents accordingly. There was untold consternation in the house of the former Governor. So great a loss! What could equal it? Some

said they thought he had been inveigeled away and metamorphosed by the fox. (Foxes turning into women and deceiving people is told in Korean novels.) Others thought that he had been eaten by the tiger. After a hundred days the parents decided that he was dead and went into mourning for him and burned his clothes in a sacrificial fire.

In Ping Yang, the new Governor's son, when he found that he had lost Mesuna, had Mesuna's mother and all the relatives imprisoned.

Mesuna, at last happy with her chosen one, said to him one day: "You, a son of gentry, for the sake of dancing girl, have given up parents and good home to live in this hidden corner of the wild hills. It is a matter, too, that touches your filial piety, this having your father and mother in doubt as to whether you are alive or not. They ought to know. We cannot live here all our lives, neither can we return home; what do you think we ought to do?"

"I am in distress," replied Keydon, hopelessly.

"I have a plan," said she, "by which we can cover over our faults of the past and win a new start for the future. By means of it you can serve your parents and look the world in the face. Will you consent?"

"What do you propose?" asked he.

"There is only one way, and that is the means of an Official Examination. I know of no other. You will understand what I mean, even though I do not tell you more."

"Enough," answered he. "Your plan is just the thing to help us out. But how can I get hold of the books I need?"

"Don't be anxious about that, I will furnish the books," she smiled.

From the day forth Mesuna worked hard day and night in sewing to earn some money in order to furnish Keydon's needs, and sent through all the neighborhood for books, to be secured at all costs. In the night he studied by candle light, while she sat at his side, spinning and sewing. There they shared the light together for four long years.

At this time a proclamation was issued that there would be a special examination held before him Majesty, the King. So Mesuna made ready the things necessary for Keydon's journey to the Capital to try his hand.

At last here he was, within the palace enclosure. His Majesty came into the examination arena and posted up the subjects. "Peaks and Spires of the Summer Clouds." Keydon took his pen. Under the inspiration of the moment his lines came forth like the bubbling brooks:

The rosy sun rode high up in the heavens,
And the floating clouds formed a lofty peak;
And priest who saw them asked if there was a temple there,
And the crane lamented the fact that no pines were visible;
But the lightning from the clouds was the flashing of the woodman's axe,
And the muffled thunder was the bell calls of the holy temple.
Will any one say that the hills do not move?
On the sunset breezes they sail away.

And for hours he wrote.

When the announcement was made as to the winner, the King ordered the sealed name of the composer to be opened. It was, and they found Keydon was first. At that time Keydon's father was pro-

moted to the office of the Prime Minister, and was waiting in attendance upon the King. The King handed the composition to the Prime Minister.

When he read the composition and the name of the composer he dropped it and sat in nonplused silence.

"What is your course?" the King demanded.

"The composer is your servant's son," bowed the Prime Minister, "my dead son Keydon is alive." And told the King the story of his son.

The King ordered Keydon to be called.

"Why did you leave the monastery, and where have you been for the last five years?"

"I have been a very wicked man, have left my parents, have broken all the laws of filial devotion and have deserved condign punishment," said Keydon, in deep bowing.

"There is no law of concealment before King. I shall not condemn you though you are guilty; tell me all."

Then he told his story.

"Your son has repented and made amends for his faults," declared the King to Prime Minister. "He has won first place and now stands as member of the Court. We cannot condemn him for his love for Mesuna. Forgive him of all the past and give him a start for his future. Mesuna," he continued, "who has shared Keydon's life in the lonely mountains, is no common woman. Let her be raised to the equal rank with her husband's." So was Keydon honored with the winner's crown.

A celebration was held in the honor of the Chief Justice Keydon:

"The hunt is off in the wild dark hills,
And the moon is cold and gray,
While the tramping feet of a thousand horses
Ring on the frosty way.
In the hall of the Prince the music thrills
And the wine cup think for joy
'Mid the noise of the dancer's savage tread,
And the lilt of the wild haut boy."

Life

BY PETRA AXELSON, '18

Each life is like a changing flower,
Like a waxen rose it seems to me
The years drop softly, hour by hour
And leave the seeds—Memory.

Each life is like a glowing flower
Though trials may come, they cannot last
With shining faces we turn each hour
To pleasant memories of the past.

The Divine Comedy

(If Dante Doesn't Care)

BY VIOLA ZAHN, '16, EDITH OLIVER, '16

Inferno (First Year).

Canto I.

In the spring of this, our youthful life,
Ambition found us in an idle mood,
Wandering peacefully along pleasure's pathway;
But turning to us he said, "Thou mayst follow me, and I,
Thy guide, will lead thee through three years
Of high school life; and then if o'er
These rugged shores you've safely passed,
Senior's paradise to you I'll give.
And to thy joys perchance, if success be dear to thee,
That with the rest I may thy names enroll."

Canto II.

And when her hands Ambition stretched forth
To ours, with pleasant looks, we were cheered,
And at the entrance gate, our names enrolled.
Here "Hello Freshie," with loud laughs and jeers
From all the Assembly Hall greeted our ears,
And our delight and joy was turned to woe, as
Above the tumult, that forever whirls,
Miss Ward's voice rang high and loud,
"English I, pages one to eight in Wooley, please prepare."
And then a buzz went round like the sand that in the whirlwind flies,
Until Mr. Lindsay sharply said, "Hand in
Algebra problem seven for tomorrow."
And then with eyes downward cast, we opened up our books
And almost in an instant thought,
"I wish that this accursed year was o'er."

Hello (Second Year).

Lo! before we scarcely knew, Ambition called,
And on we moved into the second clime.
And as we lingered here we beheld
New torments, but none so cruel was e'er encountered
As Caesar, who as of old never left his prey;
Or Geometry, who harshly treats his foes by twisting
Brains with his weapons of lines and angles;
Almighty Justice! Wherefore doth faults of ours bring us to this?
But before this question from our lips had gone,

Ambition faintly called us from these infernal regions
To the fairer world; and heedless of all else we,
With Ambition climbed, until from that height
We viewed the beautiful lights of heaven,
And issuing from that fearful cave
We again beheld the stars.

Pugatorio (Third Year).

Canto I.

Now by an open pathway we proceed,
With light hearts from that second year,
Well pleased to leave so cruel a sea behind.
Hear, O ye hallowed Juniors! for in your train we follow?
"Ah me! O Juniors! O Juniors!" loud exclaimed
Miss Wolfenbarger in accents hoarse of wild alarm,
"Another year of shattered nerves, Ah me!"
Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st
New pains, new troubles, as I here behold.
And we kind Juniors, whom no event surprised, thus speak—
"Let not thy fear harm thee, be sure
None worse than flying paper wads or giggles loud and coarse
Before thy hallowed way perchance shall fall."

Paradisio (Fourth Year).

Canto I.

At last Ambition leads us to our longed for goal,
And there before the entrance gate we see
Miss Peckham, by whose might all things are moved.
When she, who saw us clearly as ourselves,
To calm our troubled minds before we ask'd,
Open'd her lips and gracious thus began:—
"To you who are following Ambition so faithfully
Pass on within the Senior's gate
And to our pink tea, take thy fill!"

Canto II.

And there before us as we leave the Senior's Paradise
We see upon the great horizon, shining
In an ever glowing light,
The promise Ambition sends to every one
Who faithfully followed her, the gift—SUCCESS.
And hand in hand up the path of light and truth
Ambition and Success shall lead the Seniors on.

A Man's Calling

BY LLOYD JOHNSON, '16

MY faith in class mottoes is wavering. 'Follow the call of your talents and win.' Rats! We follow our talents and they have led us to the solid side of a break-beam. I tell yuh, bo, if I ever—''

''Aw shut up. We got here just as quick as the fellows riding on the cushions. We should worry. We've got a college education and a job.''

They were two college men setting out in life. Both had rich and illustrious families, both had burst the traditions of their ancestors, and both were outcasas. John Henry wanted to be an artist; his father manufactured bottles. Charlie Reason wants to follow the stage; his father packed hogs. At present their cash assets were 25c, their prospects—a job on a place near the edge of San Jose.

They were walking out to work one sunny morn when a man, hatless, coatless, and breathless, rushed around a corner closely pursued by a villainous looking individual with an ax. The man ahead stumbled. He turned to ward the blow. The ax fell very softly on the old man's head. A man in loud checks blustered up to the man with the ax. ''Rotten, rotten,'' he fumed. ''Get your grandma to teach you how to act. You act like a Sunday school picnic or a——'' 'Twas then that Charles got his big idea. ''John, give me your vest and pants, I have a great idea.''

''It's great, all right, but it ain't practical right here, and besides they're the only decent clothes I've got.''

''Come away to the Hotel de Hobo and shut up, sweetest,'' murmured Charlie, ''I'm going to get a shave and a shine with our quarter.''

An hour later the noisy director in yellow checks was accosted by a neatly dressed, well groomed young fellow, who asked for a job. The applicant answered all questions satisfactorily and without confusion until asked for his card. He fumbled a while and finally found a card case in the borrowed vest. The manager looked at the pasteboard. ''Mr. Henry,'' he said, ''I'm going to give you a chance.'' Charlie gasped. He had given John Henry's card! But it was too late now.

''Mr. Henry,'' said the manager, ''meet Phillis Mercer, our young star.'' Charlie forgot his name. He was meeting the most charming lady in the world. He never saw such eyes. Such a voice—he was dizzily in love just that quick.

A tacky individual with a hat well settled over his eyes rose from behind the fence and slipped away without the manager's knowledge. The figure hugged itself delightly. It was the real John Henry rejoicing for his friend's success.

* * * *

The gardening job was hard work. The place was all run down and a swell house party was due in a week. By a supreme effort John Henry had the place all ready. The owner was pleased, pleased an extra $5 worth, which is a very substantial commendation.

The guests were due and John Henry wandered about the trim

walks enjoying the contemplation of his labor. He thought of his family and how they would be pleased by this trifling success. He thought of her. How he longed to gather worldly trophies and lay them on her shrine! It was such a night as this that they became engaged. What joy it would be to meet her now and tell her of his first success. The guests were alighting from the autos. Hark! Was that Belle Sunset! Was that *her* voice, *her* laugh! Yes!

The contemplated hero ran for the bushes

* * * *

Several days followed. Days of stealth and reconnoiter for John Henry, the gardener; days of bold assault and victory for bogus John Henry, the Movie Hero.

One morning the real John Henry went to the gate for the paper. Rounding some shrubs he was nearly caught. *She* stood before him. His first impulse was to speak. Then he saw that she had not seen him. She was walking, head down, reading. In an instant he stepped behind a palm, and gazed on her unobserved. The sunshine, the dew, the green sod, the pink morning gown, and the San Jose Mercury made a marvelous picture. The beautiful girl should have been all radiance, but she crushed the paper fiercely and flung it from her. She choke back her tears and hurried to the house. The instant that she was gone John had the paper. Had her father failed? Was a dear friend dead? Had—may the furies fly away with that man Charles Reason? The heading read:—

STARS TO UNITE

Engagement of John Henry to Society Girl Made Known.

At a pretty luncheon yesterday afternoon the engagement was announced of John Henry of the Stanford to Phyllis Mercer of San Jose Film Company. The couple meet——.

He didn't wait to finish. He started for that "John Henry of Stanford" hades bent for election. He found Charlie sitting on the steps holding his head. His misery was so evident that instead of pulling the "villain-out-of-my-sight" stunt John merely said: 'Charles Reason, explain yourself."

"I tried to, but she wouldn't let me. That damn manager told her that John Henry was engaged to Belle Sunset, and when I tried to explain that I wasn't John Henry nobody would listen and I was fired and she shut the door in my face and called me a double-eyed villain. She heard that Belle Sunset is in town and she's gone to see her and file a breach of promise suit and tell her folks and spill the beans generally. Holy Hoses! Here they come now!"

"Oh! Jennie dear," giggled Phyllis, "she showed me *her John* Henry's picture and it wasn't you. I nearly died. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

* * * *

"Say, Charlie, you old villain," said the real John Henry. "Let's follow our talents. Go home and make sausage and bottles and settle down and get married, huh!"

"Well, you can go home to get married if you want to," said the bogus John Henry, "but I know a good honest Justice of the Peace right around the corner that Phyllis and I are going to patronize."

"Let's go with them Belle, and—."

Miss Sunset answered with a smile.

"Wait, Charlie, not so fast," called John Henry, "Belle and I are coming too."

Hiram at the Fair

BY H L. M., '15, and J. G. N., '16

DO we need describe him?--"Hiram at the Fair"--I'm sure our readers can picture him to a "hair".

Hiram Snuthers lived—well—ditto, as above.—Anyway—to our story—Old Hi's organ of curiosity, gained control over his sense of propriety, so, drawing half of his bank account, he deposited it in the pocket of his sea green, swallow-tail, gathered some—h'm—unmentionables, thrusting them into a bag made of brown burlap and set forth for the "Fair", while his fond wife, shed oceans of tears.

After a few minor adventures on the train en route, Hiram set fair foot on the city of the Golden Gate. Hiram's nose, tilted at a precarious angle, pointing heavenward, suddenly detected the nauseating smell of burning gasoline, so lowering his countenance, he observed an automobile—pardon me—a Ford, shedding a year's collection of gasoline.

Coming closer he noticed a sign pasted on the windshield—10c to the Exposition. Hm—thot Hiram, this must be a Jitney—like Squire South told my wife about. "Ten cents!" he exclaimed aloud. "What a charge; I wonder if I kain't walk."

While debating this ponderous question the Jitney in question was filled with half dozen highly-flown young women. As Hiram's eyes roved back to the Jitney, they proceeded to rival a glass of champagne, in other words, they sparkled.

"Hm! now that's different. I giss ten cents ain't so much after all. I giss I'll ride."

So he hiked over to the machine, climbed aboard, and settled himself in the back seat between two of the fairest "queens" he'd ever seen. He was the center of interest as the machine rattled on its way to the fair. The "queens" were wise;—is it ever possible that a typical farmer "comes to town" without a bunch of cash in his jeans? Hardly!

They promised him a good time! Did he get it? Well I guess!! He preambulated from the Van Ness Ave. entrance to Chirardelli's factory and back again on the opposite side.

He bowled the "Bowls of Joy", was literally dragged away from the "Diving Girls", scored *10* in twenty games of Skee Ball, and—well, when he finished his "stroll", his pocket in his sea-green, swallow-tail, was one hundred and fifty dollars shy; together with his "escorts".

With a few malevolent exclamations regarding girls, he threaded his way thru the vast throng of joy-seeker's, who laughed, giggled, and talked as if there were not a care in the world. This feeling of optimism was soon inoculated into old Hiram and inside of ten minutes he was winking at every "dame" he saw,—the term he used.

"Wonder if I ain't got a nickel left," he soliloquized. He diligently searched his faithful swallow-tail, his jeans and then his 1890 vest.

What was that? It was hard! Was it—? It can't be! Ah, yes, it

was—a dime! Out came the piece of silver while Hi's massive paw clutched it desperately, miserly.

"Now, I'll take in 'Captain,' that trick hoss. Gosh dang them girls, I wish they'd let go in when I was—of yes—flush. But gol darn them,—they're wasn't no fun in there. No! of course not."

Soon Hiram found himself in front of "Captain's" hangout. Surrendering his dime, with a wink thrown in, to the lady in the glass cage, he received his admission ticket and a snub. Tilting his nose an inch higher, showing his independence, he passed from the young lady's eyes and entered the abode of "Captain, The World Famous Trick Horse". He deposited his "farmatorical" being on one of the hindmost seats.

When the performance was half over and the "horse sense" of old Hiram was considerably enlarged, a young man entered the aisle in which he was seated. As the seat next to "our hero" was vacant, the man heretofore mentioned, sat down in the aforesaid empty seat.

Three or four times the stranger gazed at Hi, his brow registering a puzzled expression. Finally, as if to settle his perturbance, he turned to Hiram and broke out:

"I say, my dear friend, didn't I meet you in San Jose last year? No? Well, well, I thought your name was Thomas Morton. You look just like him and you know Tom Morton was a fine fellew—never knew a better sort——"

And so on, quickly striking up an acquaintance. At last he seemed run down, evidence that his supply of "blarney" was exhausted. As the two men, Hiram and "Lip" McCarty, resumed their gaze on the abilities of "Captain", each smoking a cigar of "Lip" McCarty's, the latter said casually:

"Some horse, that, ain't it? Never saw the like of him. It cost me a thousand bones to get him out here for the Fair,—and then I didn't get him here for more'n a week after the Fair "opened".

This was said in quiet and indifferent, by the way, tone, but its force on Hiram was tremendous. He moved his mouth in queer, girascopic girations, as if he were trying to shift a quid of tobacco to a more convenient spot. At last his words poured forth:

"You! Say I reckon you kain't fool me, no sir, by golly. You don't own that hoss, I reckon not."

Lip laughed good-naturedly.

"Your right in a way. I don't own the horse, but I'm manager of the proposition. I guess it does seem queer to get acquainted with the manager in this manner, but its straight stuff."

"Well, maybee your him, but I ain't agonna gamble that you are."

"Well," said McCarty, as his mouth parted in a diffident grin, "I guess it doesn't matter."

Ten minutes elapsed between the farmer and the manager, while "Captain" offered some of his amazing tricks to the packed house.

"Too bad that somebody can't share that money the horse is making," McCarty soliloquized. "His owner gets the whole pile. Too bad too, that I don't get a salary, or I'd take the remaining eight hundred shares at a dollar apiece. Fine chance for someone to make a safe and sure investment. Say," he exclaimed, as if some bright idea struck him, "I don't see why you shouldn't be able to make a pile on the animal. Why can't you? You can make more money——"

For fifteen minutes he kept going—fast and steady—like the Jitney Hiram had ridden in. He plied the farmer with assurances, guarantees, and promises, while the latter acted interested.

At the end of the parley the "manager" wound up with:

"Well, what do you think of it? A sure proposition, ain't it?"

After a few minutes deliberation, Hiram said, as his eyes lighted up:

"Yep, a crack good chance, and you want a dollar apiece?"

"That's it, my friend, and here are the shares, already for you," as he displayed a package containing four or five papers, each recording shares enough to total eight hundred.

Hiram puckered his mouth in serious deliberation and then said:

"Well, you see, I've a check for one thousand dollars made out to me by Squire Logan, and seein' as I've busted all my money, I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me two hundred in cash, so I can have a good time on that, and give me the shares, andI'll give you the check."

After a few minutes speculation, "Lip" McCarty said: "All right! It's a go!"

Hiram Snuthers produced his check, while "Lip" McCarty dug for two hundred, cash.

The exchange was made,—after "Lip" McCarty had satisfied himself that the check was genuine.

As the show was being repeated for those who had come in late, the two parted company, but not until "Lip" had instructed Hiram to be present at the director's meeting a month hence, when dividends would be made.

When Hi found himself separated from the "manager" something seemed to seize him. His green swallow--tail seemed to inflate and deflate as peal after peal of laughter took possession of him. For ten minutes he was a concession himself, and could have made a paying investment out of it. At last his vocal chords cooled off and he spluttered:

"The check—the gol darned fool—the check was no good. I guess I've teached that sharker a lesson."

Success

BY LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX

IT is not what I say
That e'er will make me great or give me power
Nor dreams I dream at play,
For dreams are mists that vanish in an hour.

'T is not the hopeful thought
That Fame will come to me at my own call;
Hopes unfulfilled are naught,—
Built on the sands, the house will surely fall

But it is what I do,
In climbing toward the goal I would attain
That will my soul imbue
With strength and courage my ideal to gain.

Ambition and success
Go hand in hand to those of steady heart,
To prosper and to bless;
For God helps those who do themselves their part.

IN MEMORIAM

Walter Goodwin

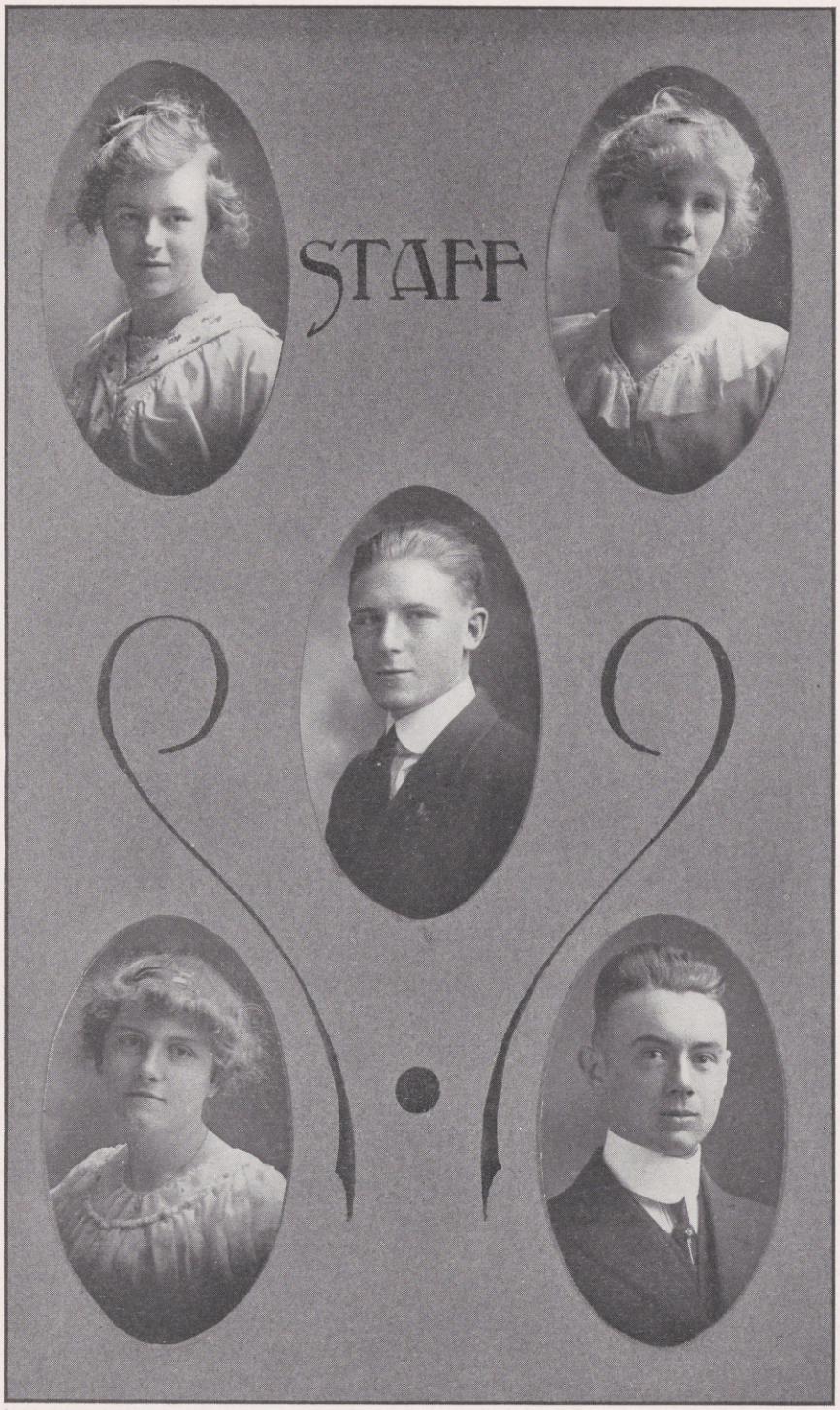
Born October 14, 1896
Died January 5, 1914

Member of Mountain View High School
Class of June, 1915

Edward Thompson Johnson

Born February 6, 1859
Died April 28, 1915

For five years
a Trustee of the Mountain View
High School



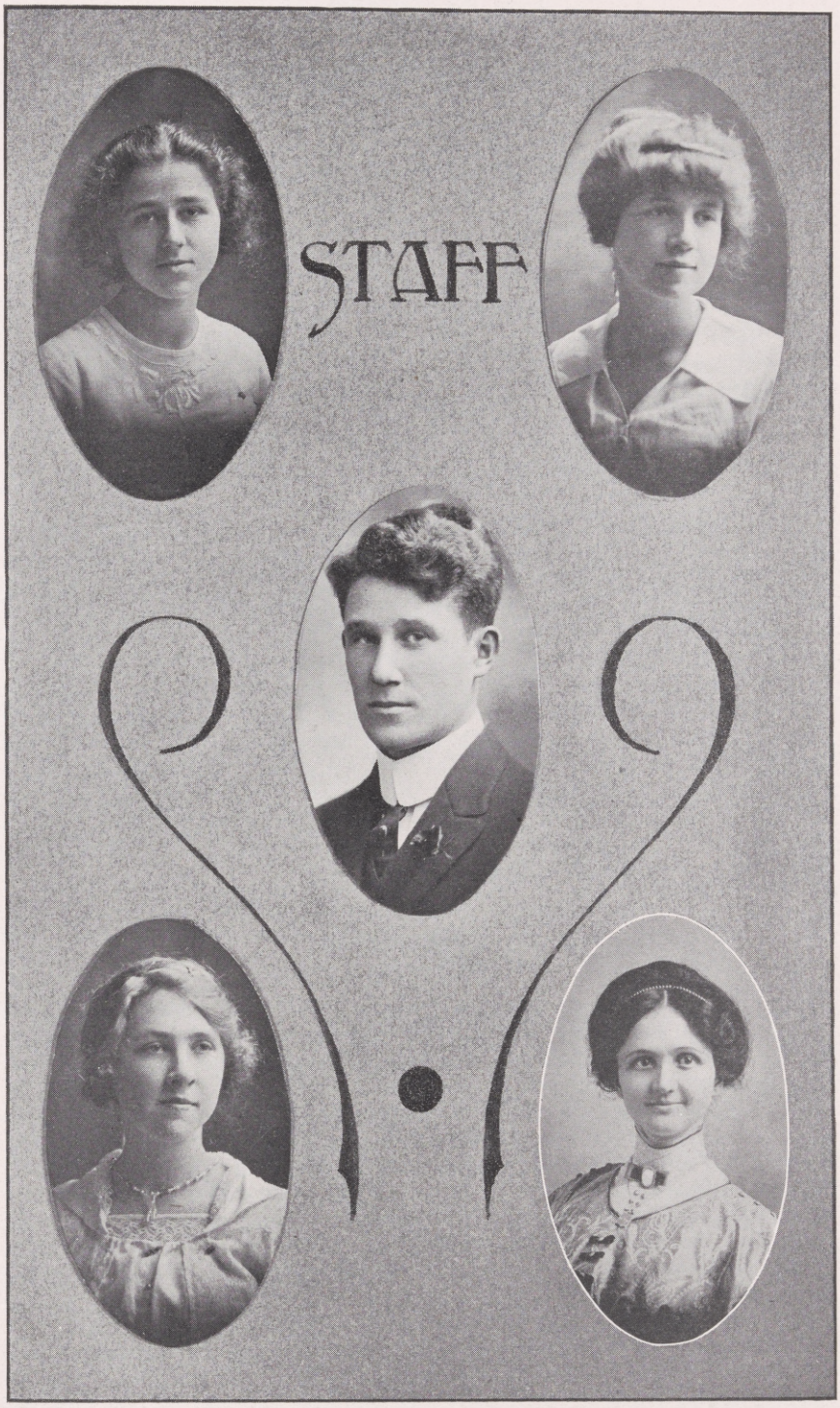
HARRIET L. MINTON

MARIE GARLIEPP

JACK G. NORTH, JR,

LILA OHMERT

DONALD J. MORK



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IN the editorial columns of nearly every newspaper, magazine, or pamphlet one finds praises and condemnations of politicians, public men, and political issues, lines aiming to justify any actions committed by the paper which have been criticized by the public or by individuals, and either sarcastic or direct uncomplimentary remarks for the benefit of the paper's bitterest enemies. As we are not particularly interested in politics, public men, or political issues at this particular moment, have not, to our knowledge, been severely criticized and are at odds with no one we shall devote our energies toward other ends than these. But first we wish to thank all who have helped to make this paper what it is. To all others—we say that it is our best. More we could not have done. Take it or reject it—but hold—reject it not so soon, lose not your self control, for it is of CONTROL that we mean to speak. Here goes.

Nerves

At nearly every public gathering we find the person who chews gum as whole heartedly as if his very life depended upon it. There is hardly a station platform in the United States that hasn't, at some time or oher, been subject to an unusual wear due to the pacings of impatient travelers. We hold no soft spots in our hearts for the man who viciously chews his finger nails or rolls his cigar in his mouth. And by no means can be be endeared to the man who is continually figiting. There are few who have not experienced the discomfiture of sitting next to the urchin who disturbs a meeting and of being the center of the scowls of disapproval which the more "nervous" ones of the audience do not hesitate to bestow upon you. The foregoing are a few examples of "nervous" specimens whom we meet in our every day life. Are they to be pitied or condemned?

Perhaps you think that the man who is incessantly figiting during a lecture should be tar-an'-feathered. Why? Perhaps he doesn't make a sound while he squirms. Yet you are inclined to feel annoyed Why? Do you forget him and absorb the lecture? or do you attempt

to embarrass him by turning to scowl and, in so doing, disturb your neighbor? Suppose that you do the latter. Then you, too, according to our diagnosis, are a victim to "nervousness".

Suppose that your neighbor is also affected by the malady. Your marked discomfiture will quickly deter his attention from the lecture and within three minutes every person within a radius of five seats who is at all inclined to be nervous will be centering his attention on the object which annoys him.

Look at their faces. Are they happy looking? Are their faces free from beauty destroying wrinkles which their scowls furrow in their foreheads? No? Well, is it simply a coincidence that the faces of those who are annoyed are wrinkled, covered with liver spots and, in every way, reflect ill health? NO. Emphatically, *NO*. Each and every one of them is actually made unhealthy by the effect made on their systems by constant annoyance. To put it in their own words they are "of a nervous temperament". To put it in plain truth they are lacking that which is the most essential to health, happiness and power—Self control. To govern *many* one must first be capable of governing oneself.

Of all the disagreeable people who inhabit this earth the ones who are continually complaining of "nervousness" are the worst. They complain as if it were a bodily ailment. It *is*, in a certain sense, but the bodily ailment is not nervousness but is one or more of various troubles which are the *results* of nervousness. In fact, a person so affected is suffering from an all around physical breakdown caused by the lack of *self control*.

A "nervous" person is not *lovable* because he or she is bound to be disagreeable and unhealthy. Such a person is *undesirable* as a representative of a body of people because he is subject to sudden fits of anger—will say things which afterwards, when less nervous, he will regret. Such a person is not a good *student*, because he is unable to concentrate. Such a person is unfit for leadership, because one who cannot control himself cannot control others. A man who is a "bunch of nerves" would be one of the most envied men of the world if he were only able to CONTROL every fiber of that so-called "bunch of nerves".

If you will be *loving, lovable, popular*, and a *leader* among men you *must* develop SELF CONTROL. After that will follow *health, happiness, power, tactfulness*, and *wisdom*.

EDITOR.

Have You Heard It?

Mountain View, California, June 24, 1915.

Dear Charlotte:

Of course you have been having a grand time this year at Oberlin. But do you remember four years ago when you were a Senior at Mountain View High School and I was a Freshman? Oh, how we "poor little lambs" were abused! But now, at last, we are the Seniors and can tease the Freshies and have all the fine times that you were always crowing about. Although we can't resist the temptation of having some fun with them, we really have treated them very nicely. On the evening of September 24 we had the Freshman Reception, and initiated them into our ways and means. We had an awfully good time. (Miss Ward says that we mustn't say "awfully"—but I want to anyway). We received them in the Assembly Hall. After a short programme we played games, danced, had refresmments and in between acts made life miserable for the Freshies. I am sure we initiated them well, for the little green things are thriving wonderfully.

But one of the best times we had this year was at the Junior-Senior Reception, held on January 15, in the Domestice Science Building. The rooms were cozy and very prettily decorated. The Juniors had some very entertaining games planned, which went off splendidly. You should have been there to see Mr. Zahn play "Musical Marbles". I laughed until I was almost sick. He handled the marbles like a cat handles hot coals. Of course we had good "eats", for that is understood when the Juniors entertain.

On June 5 the Glee Club gave an operetta entitled "Polished Pebbles!" It was a "howling" success, everyone taking his part well.

I suppose you remember Tom Kleckner as a little bashful Freshman who was afraid to look at any one, don't you? What do you think he has done? He wrote the Senior play himself and it is simply fine! We gave the play June 17 and it was a great success. It was called "Papa Percy". Here is a synopsis and the cast of characters.

Papa Perry

Cast of Characters.

Godfrey Hampton, Captain of the Shady Glen Police.....Donald Mork
Colonel Hampton, Godfrey's father, with whom he can never agree
.....Thos. Kleckner
Lemual Wilkins, Keeper of the Shady Glen Rooming House.....
.....Donald McKean
Mrs. Mable Baxter, Sister of Lemual. She has a perfect mania for adopting children .....Alva Cooper
Susanna Wilkens, Wife to Lemual. "She has an eye on Lemual."
.....Charlotte Ranney
Constance Hampton, Daughter to the Colonel. She inherits her father's temper .....Marie Garliepp
Hazel Hampton, the Colonel's niece, whom he has adopted.....
.....Margaret Deckman
Lord Percival Montgomery Piermont, an English Dude in love with Hazel .....Victor Davis
Robert Wilkens, Son to Lemuel. He gives his father reason to be proud .....Fred Garliepp
Mrs. Earl Landcaster, a Sacramento society woman.....Helen Horten
Miss Menerva McDermitt, President of the Society for the Building of State Orphan Asylums .....Lila Ohmert
"Mugsy," McGraw, an Officer of Shady Glen.....Angelo Semino
Beatrice Wilkens, Adopted daughter of Lemual's. She is "sweet innocent and LOVEABLE .....Harriet Minton

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I, SCENE I.

In the Colonel's room in Lemual's rooming house. Early morning.

SCENE II.

On the lawn in front of the rooming house, the next morning.

ACT II, SCENE I.

In the parlor of the rooming house—that evening.

SCENE II.

Same. The next morning.

ACT III.

In the Shady Court House—that afternoon.

All this year we have been having dancing classes with Miss Cadwell, one of the Grammar School teachers, as instructor. Miss Ward and Miss Peckham organized the class and we certainly appreciate their efforts. One thing that made the dances do nice was the fact that only the High School teachers, the pupils and their parents were invited.

Please write, and tell me all about your good times at college. Hoping to see you at Oberlin next year, I remain

Your loving chum,

HARRIET L. MINTON.

EDITH OLIVER
HAROLD MOORE

DONALD McKEAN
ELTON GERRELLS

ELSIE BAKER
ALMA HALL

Organizations

BY HARRIET L. MINTON

Student Body

THE Student Body is the largest organization of the High School. It consists of all the High School pupils, but only those who pay their dues of fifty cents a semester are allowed to vote at the meetings, which are held for the purpose of governing school activities. The officers for the last semester were:

President ..... Donald McKean.
Vice-President ..... Edith Oliver.
Second Vice-President ..... Alma Hall.
Secretary ..... Elsie Baker.
Treasurer ..... Elton Gerrells.
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Harold Moore.

Agricultural Club

The Agricultural Club was founded a year ago last semester; and this school year it was continued with an increased interest and membership, caused principally by the fact that the boys who raised a competition crop last year were rewarded with a free trip to the University Farm at Davis, where they were royally entertained and shown the workings of a modern farm.

This year the contest crop is to be potatoes. Prof. Allen of U. C. visited the school late last fall to find out whether the boys would raise a competition crop or not. He suggested potatoes, and the suggestion was acted upon, a quarter of an acre being elected to be a large enough plot to plant. To be in the running for the prize, each must plant this amount and must do a large part of the work himself. He may have help in plowing, fertilizing, weighing, and hauling his crop. An accurate account of all work and expenditures must be kept and a record blank filled out after the crops are harvested and sold. Two disinterested persons measure each plot and certify that the amount of potatoes raised is correct and that the plot is measured correctly.

Interest in these competition crops which are raised throughout the state is not confined to each local club and community, but the reports that the boys fill out are sent to the United States Department of Agriculture, which is interested in starting boys in farm work.

The potatoes are up and doing nicely, thank you.

Glee Club

The Glee Club has been doing good work this year under the excellent leadership of Mr. F. F. Jeffers of San Jose. On June 5 they presented an operetta entitled "Polished Pebbles". Although short, it was very well rendered and appreciated by a large audience.

The operetta "Polished Pebbles" opens with a "chorus welcome." As the chorus finishes, Charlotte Ranney, singing soprano, presents herself to the audience in the role of "Mrs. Gabble."

As the play proceeds "Rosalie", the "gem" of the operetta, otherwise Margaret Dechman (soprano), hires an old negro, "Uncle Joe", Jack North (baritone), to assist her with the chores, taking the place of the hired man who had just left. "Mrs. O'Brien", Lucile St. John (mezzo), who has just returned from Europe with her two daughters, "Winifred" (Harriet Minton) and "Millicent" (Elsie Baker), who are nicknamed "Polished Pebbles" by Mrs. Gabble, insists that the "colored person" go. Rosalie, though she likes Uncle Joe, is there—by forced to bid his dismissal. The end of the first act finishes with a little poem which "one of the boys" reads, informing the assembled "family" and chorus that "the negro you had working for you was only a painted up sham." At this news, all present are dismayed and Mrs. O'Brien faints from the realization.

The second act opens with a chorus of milkmaids and hoeing boys, after which Uncle Bob "comes home" after a prolonged visit. During the act Mrs. Gabble informs her listeners that she has discovered the name of the supposed negro. All clamor to hear her secret, and after asking Uncle Bob's permission informs them that it was their Uncle Bob himself. Mrs. O'Brien, Winnie and Millie are staggered at the news. Uncle Bob refuses to forgive them for their unhospitable treatment of Rosalie, his adopted daughter. Rosalie, however, the true "gem", entreats Uncle Bob to forgive her Aunt and cousins, who are "cured." The old gentleman finally does, and then announces that Rosalie will accompany him on a trip thru Europe.

The officers of the Glee Club for this year were:

Director	Mr. F. F. Jeffers.
President	Harriet Minton.
Vice-President	Elsie Baker.
Secretary and Treasurer	Charlotte Ranney.
Librarian	Lucile St. John.

Debating Club

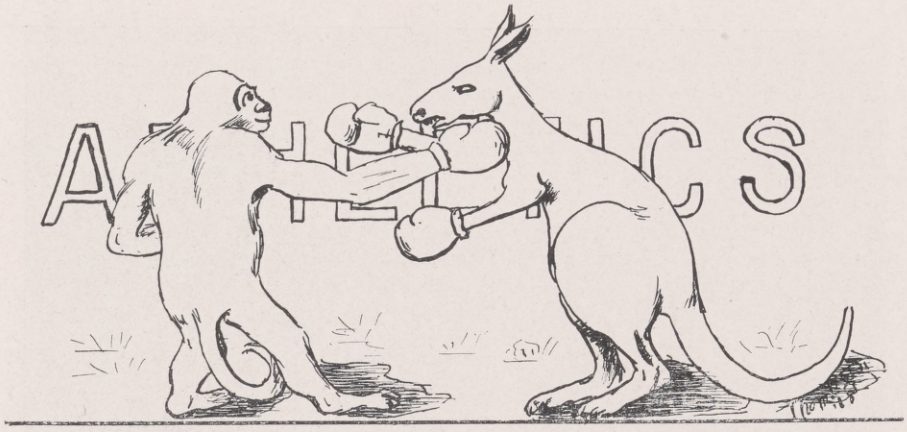
Interest in debating has steadily increased since we entered the Debating League, three years ago. The regular Debating Club was not continued this year, but there is no less interest than has been shown other years.

Victor Davis was manager the first semester and Esther Frazer the second.

The first debate was with San Jose on December 12, 1914. The question was: "Resolved, that cities should own and operate their own street railways." Charlotte Ranney and Victor Davis were on the affirmative with Donald McKean as alternate. Lloyd Johnson and Mildred Holmes took the negative, with Elsworth Coen as alternate.

The second debate was with Redwood on May 16, 1915. "Resolved, that California should substitute life imprisonment for capital punishment," was the question. Charlotte Ranney and Esther Frazer took the affirmative and Elsworth Trulson was the alternate Victor Davis and Mildred Holmes took the negative with Donald Mork as alternate.

Mountain View lost both debates by a small score, thereby losing the cup which was won last year. However, there is a bright prospect for debating, and we will hope that next year's team will win it back.



BY DONALD MORK

ATHLETICS form an important part of High School life. Everyone that enters some form of athletics is always glad that he did so. Schools are known and respected by their athletes. Mountain View has in the past been noted for its athletes and still claims good, clean sportsmen who play for the spirit of the game.

Football

After a year's cessation football was again revived. About thirty-five fellows, practically all new material, signed up last fall and with Ernest Rankin as captain we turned out as good a team as could be expected. It was the enjoyment that everyone got out of playing that made football worth while. The following games were played:

M. V. vs. Santa Clara, 8-5.
M. V. vs. St. Matthews, 0-52.
M. V. vs. Santa Clara, 5-8.
M. V. vs. Palo Alto, 0-42.
M. V. vs. Alumni, 3-9.

Boys' Basketball

This is our second year at basketball; tho football took up most of the time our boys managed to practice and did credit to themselves. The alumni were not as successful here as in football and were defeated by 14-8. Following is a list of the games played:

M. V. vs. Redwood, 8-19.
M. V. vs. Campbell, 18-52.
M. V. vs. San Mateo, 18-32.
M. V. vs. Santa Clara, 24-34.

Left to Right Standiug—McKean, Thompson, Gerrells, Capt.; Rogers, Coach.
Sitting—Smith, M. North, J. North, Mgr., Moore.

Baseball

We were more successful in baseball this year than last and after several hard fought games ranked second in the I. A. U. As most of the players will be in school next year we have a good chance of standing first at the end of next year's season. The following league and practice games were played:

M. V. vs. Campbell, 0-9.

M. V. vs. Los Gatos, 11-9.

M. V. vs. San Jose, 0-13.

M. V. vs. Montezuma, 14-4.

Left to Right, Standing—McKean, Mgr.; Smith, J. North, Capt.; Moore, Rogers, Coach.
Sitting—Semino, Brisbet, Carrington, Huff, Kleckner.

Tennis

The tennis enthusiasts showed up in time to send a team to the I. A. U. tournament. Tho defeated the score was so close that they were amply justified in playing.

Track

Interest in track and field sports was sadly lacking this year. Mountain View did not compete with any outside schools, but was contented with the annual interclass meet in which a great deal of class spirit was shown.

HOLMES, OLIVER, FRAZER, Capt.; GARLIEPP, Mgr., COOPER, REGLI

Girls' Basketball

Girls' basket ball this year has not been what it has been in former years on account of the weather and the work being none on the grounds, which have made it impossible for the girls to practice very much, although during the first part of the year they played a few very good games. The only league game that they played was with Campbell, our girls winning by the large score of 90-1. They were scheduled for a game with Morgan Hill, but Morgan Hill forfeited the game. Two practice games were played, one with San Mateo, which our girls won by a score of 8-6, and one with San Jose, which San Jose won by a score of 35—. On Thanksgiving day a game was played with the Alumni team, the Alumni winning by a score of 15-13.

Who Have Gone Before

BY LILA OHMERT

1904.

Edward Green, Teacher ..... Arlington, Wash

1905.

Alice Whittemore, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Mrs. S. V. Addatto (nee Edna Higgins) ..... San Jose

1906.

Louis Wagner, Employee in Drug Store ..... Mountain View
John Bubb, Employee Yuba Construction Co. ..... Michigan
Rosa Sturla, Teacher ..... San Francisco
Willard Ayer, Employee in Great Western Power Co. ..... Oakland
Mrs. R. K. Barry (nee Ruby Trubsechenk) ..... Sacramento

1907.

Mrs. Totman (nee Cushing) ..... Rio Vista
Charles Atkins, Principal ..... Oleander

1908.

Claude Shull, Teacher ..... Berren Spring, Michigan
William Goodwin, Teaching in Polytechnic High School ..... Los Angeles
Mrs. C. Newman (nee Alice Hill) ..... Mountain View
Mrs. O. Tait (nee Alice Chapman) ..... Mountain View
Max Ish, with Palo Alto Hardware Co ..... Palo Alto
Adeline Chapman, Art Teaiher ..... Lancaster, Massachusetts
Barbara Knox, Teaching Music ..... Washington
William Garliepp, Student Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Henrietta Bar, at home ..... Mountain View

1909.

Rosa Baker, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Albert Dixon, Student Medical College ..... Loma Linda
Jennie Cushing, Teacher ..... San Jose
Mary Eastwood, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Roy Frick, Employed by District Attorney Free ..... Mountain View
Mrs. E. Adams (nee Agnes Urban) ..... Ukiah
Mariam Burton, Teaching Music at College of Pacific ..... Sunnyvale
John Sinz, Employee of U. S. Steel Co ..... San Francisco
Mrs. L. Dixon (nee Ysabel Morton) ..... Mountain View

1910.

Mrs. E. Beall (nee Electa Burkett) ..... Mayfield
Natalie Macrum, taking Post Graduate Course at Stanford, Los Altos
Ethel Phelps, Teaching in a Mission School ..... Jaro, Philippines
Frank Herbert, Entomological Ranger ..... Placerville
Mrs. C. Beal (nee Helen Evans) ..... Palo Alto
Ewart Brightman, Salesman Aluminum Utensil Co. ..... San Francisco
Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe Mosher (nee Fanny Distil) ..... Hilo, Hawwaiian Is.
Roscoe Duernberger, Graduated from Stanford University, Sunnyvale
Mrs. C. Hustler (nee Catherine Day) ..... Sunnyvale
Irene Weber, Teacher ..... Bakersfield
Pearl True, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Dan Ames, Student University of California.

Eva Newman, Graduate from Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Mrs. L. Landis (nee Helen Drake) ..... Chico

1911.

Frances Huntington, Student Stanford University ..... Los Altos
Martha Job, Graduate from Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Rudolph Swall, Employee Dudfield Lumber Co ..... Palo Alto
Carrie Center, At Home ..... Mountain View
Leslile Morton, in Business in San Jose ..... Mountain View
Joseph Urban, Student Stanford University ..... Palo Alto
Elizabeth Harcourt, Teacher ..... Belvale
Joyce Colvin, At Home ..... Mountain View
Joseph Pasaol, Ranching ..... Mountain View
Ottilie Hoering, Student Stanford University ..... Sunnyvale
Bernard Mason, Ranching ..... Willitts
Delma Phelps ..... Student Normal
Luro Rankin, Student University of Ill. ..... Urbana, Ill.
Raymond Frazer, Student University of California ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Edward A. Eversole (nee Bessie Gwartney) ..... Ukiah
Frann O'Connell, Graduate from Stanford University ..... Mountain View

1912.

Annette Stewart, Teacher ..... Booneville
Josephine Kelsey, Teacher ..... Etna Mills
Phoebe Cook, Teacher ..... San Francisco
Dorothy Norris, With an Insurance Co ..... San Francisco
Louise Hobart, At Home ..... Los Altos
Charles Moore, in Moore's Furniture Store ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Charles Moore (nee Minnie Rowles) ..... Mountain View
Ruth Booher, At Home ..... Mountain View
Lorna Donaldson, Student Stanford University ..... Palo Alto
Raymond Mosher, Teaching Music at San Jose Normal Mountain View
Waunita Watts, Nurse ..... Palo Alto
Alice Roberts, Employee Pacific Press ..... Mountain View
Henriette Drake, Working in Palo Alto ..... Mountain View
Vina Goodwin, At Home ..... San Jose
Edith Hagerty, Student Normal ..... Mountain View
Arlie Corbet, At Home ..... Mountain View
Edith Houseman, Milliner ..... Mountain View
Rilda Skinner, At Home ..... Los Altos
Goldie Kensler, At Home ..... Mountain View
Clara Hagerty, At Home ..... Mountain View
Kenneth Slater, Principal of Grammar School ..... Hammonton
LeRoy Morton, Ranching ..... Mountain View
Blanche Butler, With Morse Seed Co., ... San Francisco
Mrs. W. T. Boag (nee Alice Barnes) ..... San Francisco

1913.

Marguerite Moore, At Home ..... Mountain View
Elice Eastwood, Student Normal ..... Mountain View
Ada Wyman, Student Normal ..... Mountain View
Irene Setzer, Student Normal ..... Sunnyvale
Edna Freeman, Student Normal ..... Mountain View
Mary Logue, Student Normal ..... Mountain View
Reginald Harcourt, Attending Business College in San Jose ..... Mountain View

Emma Millett, Student College of the Pacific.....Mountain View
Etta Dyer, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Ernest Loucks, Student Stanford University.....Mountain View
Clarence Kensler, Ranching .....Endicott, Wash.
Alice Pearson, Bookeeping for Pearson & Co.,.....Mountain View
Naomi Booher, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Alfred Martel .....Mountain View
Ethel Emerson, Student Stanford University.....Mountain View
Esther Booher, Milliner .....Mountain View
Gladys Rogers, Working in her father's store in Los Altos.....
.....Mountain View
Graden Poppleton, Employed in Electric Co. .....Portland, Ore.
Glenmore Poppleton, Ranching .....Mountain View

1914.

Edith Link, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Alice Toft, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Leslie Frazer .....Sunnyvale
Harold Wright, Working in San Francisco.
Lola Brown, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Beulah Kaegey .....San Jose
Fannie Razek, Attending Heald's Business College.....Mountain View
Florence Hoering, Student Normal .....Sunnyvale
Mrs. O. Brubaker (nee Madeline Brown) .....Los Altos
Iva Rogers, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Leona Armstrong, Student Normal .....Mountain View
Ruth Drake, At Home.....Mountain View
Grace McConnell, At Home.....Santa Clara
James Dermody, On Sugar Plantation.....Haiku, Maui, Terr. of Hawai
Alice Hagerty, Student Normal.....Mountain View

The Deserted Race

BY ALVIN BRUNHOFER, '17

WHERE then, ah! where shall a Freshman ever hide
To 'scape the burden of superior pride?
If to some noble Senior's side he strays,
Though somewhat shy he acts and due respect he pays,
His wretched self the Seniors thereupon reject,
He is deserted and his honor they neglect.
If out of doors he speeds—what awaits him there?
He sees the ducking he must therein share;
He finds the upper classmen all combined
To do him penance and exterminate his kind;
He suffers woes which others have endured,
By which they were *supposed* to have been "cured."
There with angry face the Freshman comes to grief,
There amid the spray he shivers like a leaf.

Class History

BY MARIE GARLIEPP

YESTERDAY! Surely it was only yesterday that those forty-five members of our class, in fear and trembling, first crossed the threshold of the high school. But no, it is really four years ago; to us it was yesterday.

Nor do we forget the greeting from the Upperclassmen who, as usual, had their fun with the Freshies even as did we during the years following, but on a whole we were kindly greeted and kindly treated.

The years that followed are replete with pleasant memories. Our minds will even recall the parties, entertainments and good times we enjoyed.

Of course our class did not remain the same. We gained new members who have become very dear to us, and have lost some who found it necessary to remove from our locality and go to distant places. Others left school and have gone into other lines of work. Yet we have not entirely lost track of them, for occasionally we see or hear from an absent member.

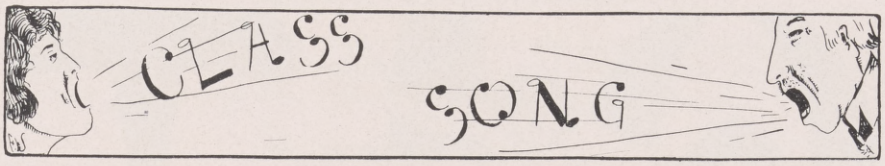
But there is one from whom we are ever separated. On January the fifth, nineteen hundred and fourteen, Walter Goodwin, one of the most popular members of our class, met with an accident that proved fatal. We shall always treasure his memory and think of him as we knew him, a loving and dutiful student, a true friend, a gentleman in every sense of the word.

To-day! The to-day that we have longed for and labored for, that we have dreaded, has come. We have received our diplomas; but do we know what they represent? To us they mean not only four years of study and labor, but a great deal more. They mean to many parents four years of sacrifice. May they be not in vain. May the hopes of those parents be fulfilled as far as it in our power lies.

The partings have been made, and not without some sorrow. But "parting is such a sweet sorrow", for our class has been as one family, each member sharing both joys and sorrows. No wonder, when the family tie is broken, we feel a keen loss of those who have been our constant companions.

We will all start on different paths to-morrow. To-day is over. May the paths we take on the morrow, lead us all on the attainment we desire.

We know not what to-morrow holds for us, we are not seers, we cannot tell. But let us also prepare ourselves each day, and so live to-day, that for us to-morrow may hold no terrors or anxieties. But should we feel discouraged or disheartened, or should we fail, let us all remember that to-morrow is but another to-day. We may start anew and straight, and having started, we will only look at the brightest side, doing our little mite, and doing it cheerfully, to make the world a better place for our having lived in it.



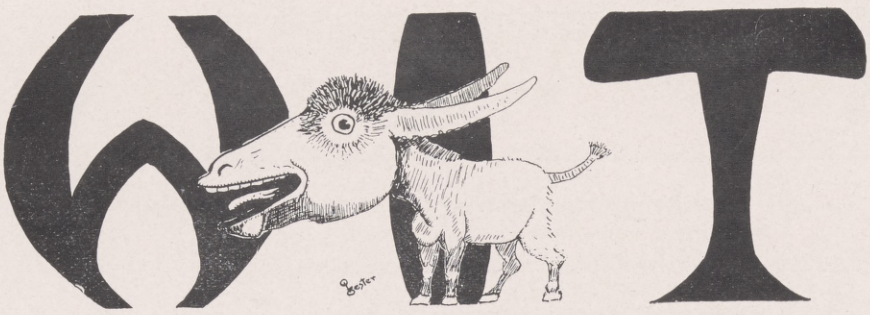
Music and arrangement by Mrs. Helen Bacon-O'Dell

There's a tender, mellow sweetness
In the songs we love to hear;
There's a soothing touch in all the names
Of friends we hold most dear;
As music stills the troubled heart,
So cheering bids all sorrows fly
When we're cheering M. V. High.

Chorus

But the thoughts that quell our pensive mood
Are thoughts of Mountain View;
Our souls rebel, we must not brood;
Our hearts are all with you:
So we'll start the Nineteen Fifteen Cry
And cheer for good old M. V. High.

There's a touching strain of sadness
At the thought of leaving friends;
But our hearts are filled with gladness
As each to the future bends;
So, as we view the pleasant past
With many a tear and sigh:
We will cheer for M. V. High.



BY ERNEST RANKIN

The Blue and Gray's Wit Editor, being of a very serious turn of mind, offered a prize for the best poem written by a student. Below are some that were entered in the contest.—Editor's note.

ODE TO MOORE'S THUMB.

Out in the moonlight under a tree
Reads a stone fittingly—
"Here lies a thumb, it always was bum,
But it served its purpose of chewing gum."

SPRING.

Oh Spring, thou art to me
As the roots are to a tree;
Without you under my bed
I'd die and be glad I was dead.

AN EPITATH.

Beneath this sod
And under the trees
Lieth the Bod—
Y of Solomon Pease.

Pease is not here
But only his pod.
He shelled out his soul
And it went up to God.

FROM THE MUZZLE OF A HOWITZER.

All the world's a stage where each must play his part, but it takes some of us an awful while to get next to our cues.

Variety is the spice of life. From the way some people change their minds, they must be pretty spicy.

If we all knocked as hard as we expected opportunity to knock this world would be an inferno.

From the way we build our characters we all apparently take stock in the proverb that Rome wasn't built in a day.

Man is made of dust. Some of us hesitate about beading our brows for fear of becoming muddy.

OUR SHORT STORY CONTEST.

To the winner of this contest we offer the honor of reading all the jokes which we have cast aside. This is *some* offer. All stories *must* concern high school life. Here are some that were entered.

POOR RICHARD.

He came to school.
He took Latin.
Alas!
He left.

A FRESHMAN'S MENTALITY. (Prize story)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MYSTERY.

Our hero is handsome. He is manly. He is a man. (We insert the last sentence for the benefit of our Freshmen.)

Our heroine is an heiress. She is *very* wealthy. She is also very pretty.

Our hero met our heroine. They were married.

Finis.*

INSULTS.

D. S. Teacher—"Bring me the racket egg beater."

Student—"Yes, Miss Peers."

Teacher (viewing the beater)—"This is the Dover."

Student—"I brought the one that makes the most racket."

Heard in Junior English—"Was George Eliot representing himself in the character of Silas Marner?"

Teacher (explaining poetry)—"We shouldn't spend all our time for getting and for spending."

Student—"I can forget and I can spend in no time."

Freshie—"My feet are asleep."

Cruel Soph.—"No wonder. You are always turning them in."

Student (wishing to go to Arts and Crafts)—"May I go over and dye?"

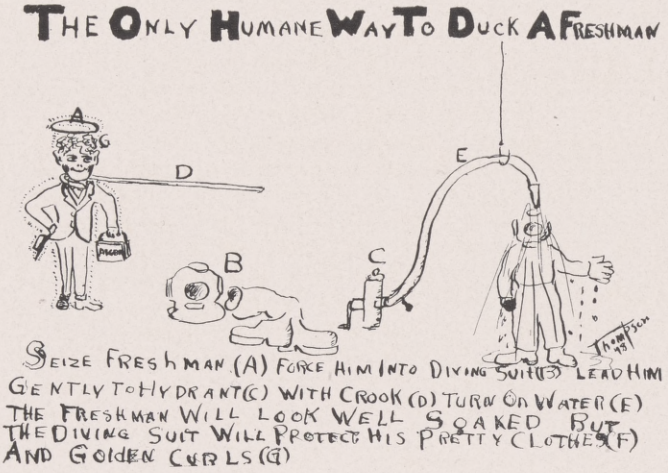
Teacher—"You're not that sick, are you?"

---

*Ed. Note—We shall reconsider our above decision and award the prize to the author of *this* mystifying masterpiece for, try as we might we were unable to find the mystery. Its location is extremely mystifying.

FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY.

A very competent student inventor, belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Freshmen has, after years of study, devised the method explained below. Study it in detail if you would become humane.


THE ONLY HUMANE WAY TO DUCK A FRESHMAN
A
B
C
D
E
SEIZE FRESHMAN (A) FORCE HIM INTO DIVING SUIT (B) LEAD HIM
GENTLY TO HYDRANT (C) WITH CROOK (D) TURN ON WATER (E)
THE FRESHMAN WILL LOOK WELL SOAKED BUT
THE DIVING SUIT WILL PROTECT HIS PRETTY CLOTHES (F)
AND GOLDEN CURLS (G)

AN UNPOPULAR SONG.

Editor's note—This song is so unpopular that it is making quite a hit on Broadway.

Sweet are damsels fair
Possessing hair
With peroxide tinged to gold;
And the cream and rouge*
Now in vogue
Make them young when awfully old;
Every pencil browed cutie
Is a geranium for beauty,
Oh! they start my heart to sighing—

Cho. For my darling Rosalie,
For my rosy, posy Rosalie;
Her cheeks are red as red as wine,
But I know the color's genuine—

'Nuff! The Society for the Prevention of The Over-working of Goats has prevented the printing of the rest. This society is very considerate and is doing praiseworthy work.

---

*Note—To obtain the full poetic beauty pronounce as "rogue" in honor of the author.

Our Information Bureau

How to Act When the Wife's Away

To while away the time, get a meal. To do this, first start a fire. As you are a trifle out of practice your fire will not start easily. Fanning with your vest may help. Be sure to remove your watch before beginning the said fanning, for it is quite annoying for it to fly out of its cozy home in the said vest's pocket and land in the butter. Gasoline, when used in starting a fire, is very apt to smutt the ceiling. But as the wife has always cautioned against this, be sure to do it for the only proper way to enjoy oneself is to do what has been forbidden.

When the fire is smoking and smelling merrily set on the coffee percolator. (Kindly notice that we did not say to sit on it.) Be sure to put the coffee in the percolator for it is quite annoying to obtain only a weak beverage of water after a long half hour of waiting.

Next: prepare a stew as follows—cut a tough beefsteak into small cubes, (you will have little difficulty in obtaining a tough steak). Of course this will take longer and require more patience than it would to cut a tender one, but you must remember that you are trying to while away the time. Place the cubes in a kettle with potatoes, rice, barley, onions, beans, salt, ginger, nutmeg and anything else which you happen to have on hand.

After you have prepared the stew you will have cut your finger, spilled a goodly portion of everything you touched, inhaled a spoonful of pepper and ruined your morals. About the time when your joy at being alone turns to anger and, in the estimation of the cat whom you have kicked, your character depreciates 100 per cent, the coffee will boil over. And so will your temper. In rising to the occasion, spill the stew, then grab the said stew and said boiling coffee and make a hurried exit thru the back door. Here it would be wise to step on Fido and descend the steps of the porch on that small portion of your back which lies between the back buckle of your vest and the seat of your trousers. After rehearsing this last act carefully you will soon be able to do it gracefully and to the thorough satisfaction of your neighbors. Now utter many unintelligible remarks and enter the house, making sure that your last remark was intelligible and that the passing parson heard you. By this time you will have whiled away at least an hour. As there will be but four more hours, more or less, it would be expedient to compose yourself by reading "Helpful Hints to House-Wives" until the queen of the kitchen realm returns.

To students—To pass an Ex(celsior) purchase an aeroplane.

To enrage your loving teacher, chew gum—with your mouth open.

To enjoy an evening without a show, dance, girl party or Ford—go to bed.

To seek helpful information seek an Information Bureau.

To look in our Information Bureau would be foolish.

To read this, ·uʍop əɥʇ uɹnʇ ʇɥǝ ɓooʞ dnsıdǝ ɓuıʞ ʇɥ ·

Your face registers anger after having read this information.

(Look in the Advertisements for the Cartoons)

HARTLEY HARDWARE CO.

WANTED---500 School Girls and Boys

To take orders, sell goods and collect accounts for us. Liberal Commissions will be paid on CASH SALES, graded according to the class of goods sold, and CASH PRIZES will be paid to the FIVE highest at the end of each three months, $5 to the FIRST $2.00 to the SECOND and $1.00 each to the next THREE.

Larger Commissions will be paid on the collection of a lot of OLD ACCOUNTS that you may collect better than we can.

We have just laid in several carloads of seasonable goods, bought right, at carload prices, and are planning a SELLING CAMPAIGN such as Mountain View has never seen, and defy competition in prices.

Every Boy and Girl in Mountain View

Can make money selling goods and collecting accounts for us, from the most varied stock in Santa Clara County.

Further particulars will appear from time to time in the REGISTER-LEADER, or will be given on application.

Call and register when you are ready to commence work and we will open an account in your name and credit you with sales as they are made on your account.

CONFIDENTIAL LISTS OF ACCOUNTS will be given you after registration from which to select such as you think you can collect.

Hartley Hardware Co.

Phone L. A. 7

Los Altos Garage

MELVIN O. ANDREEN, Proprietor

AGENT FOR

Studebaker Automobiles

DEMONSTRATOR AT YOUR SERVICE

Los Altos

Q

QUALITY COFFEE

A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE BEST OF OTHERS

Pleases the most fastidious tastes

And our teas are as delicious as our coffee

¶ *If you are particular in the matter of the flavor of your tea or coffee phone your next order to*

Q Coffee Company

E. B. QUACKENBUSH, Proprietor

Phone 57 J *Mountain View*

AUTOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Take a new Autographic Kodak with you on your vacation. You will then know time, place and title of all the pictures you take.

B. J. MILLER, Druggist, Successor to E. T. JOHNSON

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CAL.

IF IT'S

KODAK FINISHING

See that it is done at

WEBB'S Photo Supply Store
San Jose, Cal.

Leave orders at Miller's Drugstore

Mira Monte Cash Store

F. MARKOV

School Supplies
Stationery and
Candies

Opp. High School
Mountain View

A FRESHMAN IDEA OF THE FLATIRON BUILDING.

If you want the best **SHOES** made for strength and durability and fit at the lowest cash prices

COME TO

KLECKNER'S

CASTRO ST. MOUNTAIN VIEW

J. E. Moore & Sons

aim to make every casual buyer a steady customer . . We are thoro believers in the theory that it pays both ways to please every customer . . . This is the reason that we have survived every competition . . . If you have not already given us an opportunity to please YOU it will pay to act on this suggestion : : : : : : :

FURNITURE
CROCKERY
GLASSWARE
OILCLOTH
LINOLEUM
WINDOW SHADES
CARPETS
MATTING
GRANITE WARE

J. E. Moore & Sons

LUMBER

We handle lumber---the grade of which speaks for itself

---SEE US FOR---

Beaver Board, Durable Roofing, Poultry Wire, in fact anything in the Building Material line.

HARDWARE *of all kinds, Fruit Trays, Picking Boxes, Fruit Ladders.*

Mountain View Lumber Co.

House Phone 63 W *Office Phone 9*

Weaver Electric Co.

Electrical Contractors

Wiring and Repairing
Everything Electrical

Phone 77 W

267 Castro St. *Mountain View, Cal.*

SCARPA'S Meat Market

Phone M. V. 61 W

FRESH AND SALT
Meats of All Kinds

Sausages, Poultry, Etc.

Orders Delivered Promptly

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VIEW WORK

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F. L. CAMPEN, Jr., Prop. *Mountain View, Cal.*

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Prompt Service

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes. Models for young men and their dads. Free alteration service by experts who make a specialty of fitting Stanford University Students.

Silk Coats for Girls

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PALO ALTO PHONE 2

EDUCATION

Is a Great Achievement

When you have been sufficiently educated to buy your hardware at the

MOUNTAIN VIEW HARDWARE

Company's store you have achieved greatness.

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Ladies' Fine Work

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Phone M. V. 77 J *Castro Street*

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Unusual facilities for Enlarging and Framing

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INC.

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If It's in the Advertising

WE MAKE no claims on behalf of our merchandise which the merchandise doesn't substantiate of itself — every description is a truthful portrait in printers' ink of the clothes which you will always find here.

Come to Williams' today, inspect the new summer styles in Suits and Light Coats from the

HOUSE OF

KUPPENHEIMER

We're anxious to prove how much more **$20** to **$25** will purchase here as compared with the best to be found anywhere.

It's in the Clothes

J. S. WILLIAMS

44-48 N. Market *"Walk a Block and Save"*

ENGLUND

The Tailor

ALWAYS RELIABLE

Twenty-five years of experience at

TAILORING

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Nobody Home

but the BIG COFFEE POT

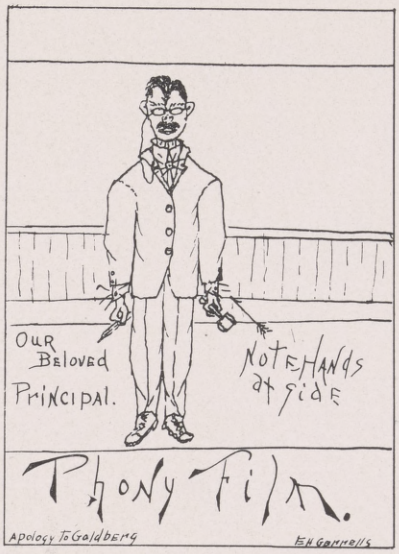
— and that's out

Soliciting your trade in TEAS, COFFEES, EXTRACTS, etc. There is a reason, and that is The Best Goods for your money and the Biggest Premium you ever got in this man's town. If you are not using our goods, your neighbor is. That's the reason she wears a smile that wont rub off. Come in and see

"The Variety"

E. J. LAWLER

Opp. Postoffice *Phone 975*



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AT LOWEST PRICES

Headquarters for the Latest and Best. We carry Everything for the Man Woman and Child to Eat and Wear -:- Always a Complete Stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Groceries, Etc.

We are the Exclusive Agents in Mountain View for the following well known lines of merchandise:

Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets, Buster Brown, Sell and Lion Brand Shoes, Phoenix Silk Hosiery and Holeproof Hosiery

If we haven't got what you want we will gladly get it for you
Your patronage solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

S. Rummelsburg & Sons

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS

A Sure Road to Success

At the end of every week, save a part of what you have earned. Deposit it in this bank and we will pay you 4% interest. When OPPORTUNITY comes, you will then have ready money to invest

Farmers and Merchants State Bank

Mountain View, Cal.

Capital and Surplus - - - - -	*$75,000.00*
Total Assets over - - - - -	*$500,000.00*

GEORGE SWALL, President
J. S. MOCKBEE, Vice President
WILBUR L. CAMP, Cashier
O. W. WHALEY, Asst. Cashier

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THE LEADING LUMBER YARD
THE ONLY PLANING MILL OF
MOUNTAIN VIEW

Let us help you plan your classy bungalow

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The Old, Reliable Grocery House of Quality and Square Dealing

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE

The well known excellence of our goods will be maintained always.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION
WE WANT PLEASED CUSTOMERS

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Every Day

PEARSON & COMPANY

When you hear
The young ladies say
"Oh, isn't he a peach!"
You can make a small bet that
He bought his College Suit from

Billy Hobson

The man that is always in the lead
When it comes to Style, Cut and Pattern
More styles and prettier patterns than ever
Drop in
And try on a few of the New Models

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24 South First Street
SAN JOSE

M. Sarubo Nursery

Wholesale Grower and Shipper of

Plants and Cut Flowers

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Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods

HATS CAPS GLOVES NECKWEAR
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Will furnish you Ice Creams, every kind, at any time, large or small amounts -:- Candies always fresh. We also make a specialty of

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GIVE US A TRIAL

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CASTRO STREET
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Lumber and Building Material

MILL WORK AND SUPPLIES

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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO STUDENT FOTOS. EXTENDS A SPECIAL RATE TO ALL GRADUATING

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Exclusively

THE very latest fashions. Your clothes will be made strictly according to your order. A large stock of the latest materials to select from. Prices right, and workmanship the best.

SUITS FROM $25.00 UP

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We, as bankers, urge upon all young men and women who are responsible for the future of this community to make the right start by protecting your own interests through a growing bank account with

The FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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Fine Millinery

HATS MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Mrs. Joe McPheeters

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FURNISHINGS

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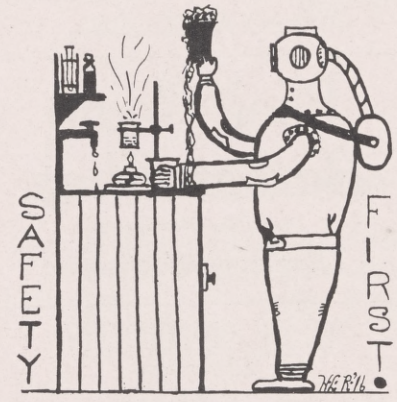
PHYSICIAN and
SURGEON

Office, Castro St. Phone, M. V. 25



WARNING TO FRESHMEN!
SEE PAGE
34

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Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods and
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SAN JOSE CAL.

The Fashion
Millinery

HOUSMAN & BOOKER

A Complete Line of Late Millinery Goods

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Law and Real Estate

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

For twenty-six years in business in

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The PENNEBAKER FURNITURE COMPANY

Furniture, Stoves, Etc.

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SOLICITED. Phone 71 M

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Resident Agent for

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PALACE BARBER SHOP

First-Class Shop

Agent for Standard and Enterprise Laundries

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Direct Importers of

Linens, Laces, Ribbons, Gloves Neckwear, Trimmings, Etc.

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Under New Management

Thoroughly Antiseptic

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Graduating Gifts!

Large Selection at

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LET your next Suit be a STRATFORD

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Ready-to-wear
Made to Measure

Quality
Service
Efficiency

Combined with our personal attention

in the manufacture of class pins and rings, athletic medals and trophies, engravings and stationery, gives a combination that is well worthy your consideration. We cater to the Schools and Colleges. Original designs furnished without cost. No obligations.

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Fine Candy
Ice Cream

The quality lasts long after the price has been forgotten

Give us a trial

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We Sell Fruit Trees and Ornamentals

We train the young

Therefore we are EDUCATORS; and we wish you to LEARN that in our NURSERY we raise well trained, properly developed

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Guns, Kodaks, Bicycles, Typewriters
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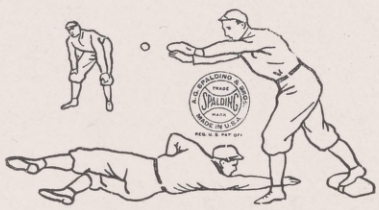

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Athletic Goods

Tennis - Base Ball - Track

Let us supply your athletic wants
A complete line for selection

Boschken Hardware Co.

San Jose's Leading Sporting Goods House *138 South First Street*

YOUNG MEN wearing our Spring Model "Varsity Fifty-five" are at all times properly dressed -- and your friends know it.

$25.00, more or less

Blue Serges in this model

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"See That Fit"

J. U. Says:

A Good Front is Half the Game. The tailor-dressed man knows this -- that's why he has His clothes made expressly for Him -- to individualize His appearance above the ordinary; to strengthen His personality to a point where He becomes pleasingly noticeable on all occasions. Most everyone knows that "See That Fit" Clothes satisfies the man who cares.

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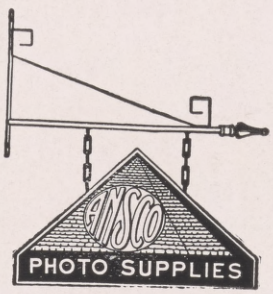
Next to St James Hotel
SAN JOSE, CAL.



Look for this Sign

Drugs and Photo Supplies

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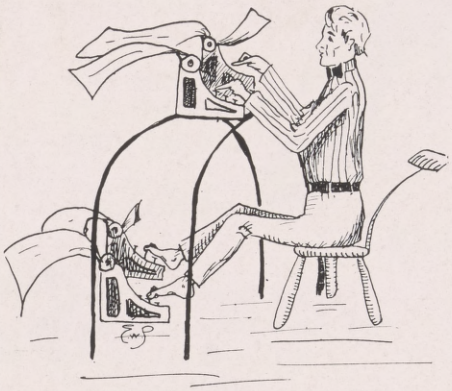
Mountain View, Cal.



OUR EDITOR

Make a list

of the groceries you need and try the experiment of having it filled here. You will be pleased with the promptness with which we fill your order, pleased with the quick delivery, pleased with the lower prices you pay and above all pleased with the splendid quality of the groceries.

— Trade with us and Save Money —

POWELL BROS. CASH STORE

$25

and the name

ANGEVINE

will give you the best suit of clothes in San Jose for the money

67-69 So. 2d St.

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Farmers and Merchants Bank Bldg.
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Afternoons and evenings only
Closed Saturdays
Sundays by appointment

Office Telephone 46 J
Residence Telephone 48 W

Graduation Pumps and Oxfords

New Low Heel Sport Oxfords -White and Tan

$3.50

$2.50

Illustration shows fancy strap pump, patent and dull, suitable for street and afternoon wear

Bacon's

74-76 South First Street SAN JOSE

Harry Oku

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MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA

GEO. O. ENDO

Japanese Grocery

BEST TEA AND RICE
AND TEA CAKE

POOL ROOM

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MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

The San Jose Engraving Co.

Designers

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Color Plates
Fine Line, Ross Board and Maps
Half-Tone Engravings on Zinc and Copper
Embossing Dies on Zinc

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Phone San Jose 1203 *San Jose, California*

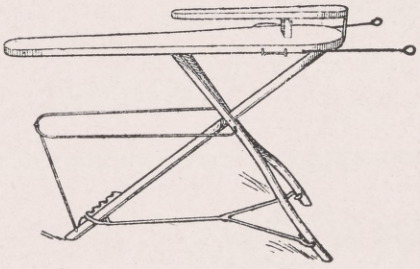
The Nace Printing Co.

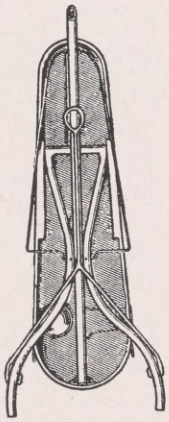
solicits such business as requires executive ability as well as prompt and careful attention to properly execute. We print almost anything and will do it to your satisfaction.

We printed this number of Blue and Gray

171 West Santa Clara Street *San Jose, California*

You will be presented with this, the latest folding





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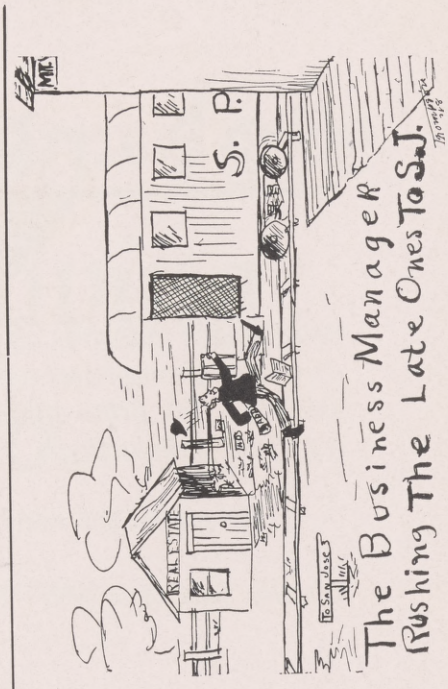
ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST

by popular merchants of your city, whose representatives will soon call upon you and explain the system. Give them a hearing.

FRANK KORN

Shoe Repairing

MOUNTAIN VIEW



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Y. KINAGA, Prop.

Bouquets put up on short notice

MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA

A. B. ROGERS

Fancy and Staple Groceries
and Fresh Meats

Los Altos California

Quit Business Sale

MOUNTAIN VIEW FURNITURE CO.

ROCKHOLD'S CASH STORE

Headquarters for

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
FRUIT and
VEGETABLES IN SEASON

Will be glad to quote prices on case lots
HEADQUARTERS FOR AMERICAN TRADING STAMPS

Yours for business

E. V. ROCKHOLD, Prop.

Stylish Reliable Shoes

WE SHOW THE NEWEST FOOTWEAR
FOR DISCRIMINATING
WEARERS

Thoits

PALO ALTO